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HAND BOOK:

THE NORTH

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GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



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JEANNE BUEBEN.

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HAND-BOOKS FOR IRELAND.

THE NORTH

AND

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.



LONDON. VIRTUE, HALL, & VIRTUE, PATERNOSTER ROW. DUBLIN: JAMES McGLASHAN, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

1853.

LONDON: VIRTUE AND CO, PRINTERS, CITY BOAD.

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENT.

HESE "Hand-Books for Ireland" have been compiled by their authors chiefly from their own work—"IRELAND; ITS SCENERY AND CHARACTER"—written and published by them in the years 1841-2 and 3. But they are arranged with a view to communicate to THE TOURIST in that country such information as he more immediately needs, in his progress—of routes, roads, hotels, charges, distances, conveyances, &c. &c.; with descriptions of the objects and places of attraction he will necessarily visit and inspect, and concerning which he will especially desire knowledge. With a view, therefore, to this essential duty, the authors revisited in 1852 the several places they have described; and, in 1853, these books have been revised generally.

The leading purpose of the authors is to induce visits to IRELAND. Those who require relaxation from labour, or may be advised to seek health under the influence of a mild climate, or search for sources of novel and rational amusement, or draw from change of scene a stimulus to wholesome excitement, or covet acquaintance with the charms of Nature, or wish to study a people full of original character—cannot project an excursion to any part of Europe that will afford a more ample recompense.

To the English, therefore, a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, holds out every temptation the traveller can need. A cordial and hearty welcome will be given, at all times and in all places, to the "STRANGER," who will there journey in security such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe Ireland will, unquestionably, supply every means of enjoyment that may be obtained in any of the Continental kingdoms, and without calling for the sacrifices of money and comfort that will be exacted in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy.

The authors of these volumes will indeed rejoice if their statements be the means of inducing English travellers to direct their course westward, knowing well, that for every new visitor, Ireland will obtain a new friend.

To other inducements may be added those which now arise from facilities for travelling with ease and comfort. Dublin is barely twelve hours distant from London: a railroad conveys to Holyhead; and the Channel is crossed in large and commodious steam-ships in less than four hours. Through all the leading districts there are railways; the inns, throughout, are for the most part comfortable; and even where discomfort has to be endured, it will be deprived of annoyance by the knowledge that efforts have been, or will be, exerted, to remove it.

And something may be said of the comparatively small cost at which the Toura may be made. "Tourist Tickets" are now annually issued at a cost of between four and six pounds. These Tourist Tickets are always considered—at the stations, the hotels, and, indeed, everywhere—as letters of introduction: they give assurance of "a Stranger," who is proverbially, in Ireland, secure of kind and courteous treatment; moreover, the ticket is a contract to avoid delays on all routes—the first places upon occasions of difficulty of right belonging to the holders of these tickets. Independent, therefore, of the very great saving of expense, all Tourists in Ireland should obtain "Tourist Tickets."

The four Hand Books consist of :--

No. 1. DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.

No. 2. THE NORTH AND GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

No. 3. THE SOUTH AND KILLARNEY.

No. 4. THE WEST AND CONNEMARA.

They may be obtained, either together or separate, of any bookseller in the Kingdom, price 5s. each, or 20s. the Four Volumes.

**, The Authors will be much obliged by receiving any corrections to these volumes, or any suggestions for their improvement.

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Proceeding northwards, the Tourist will have a choice of two routes—that by railway to Ballymena (a distance from Belfast of about two hours, passing through Antrim town, with two branches, one to Carrickfergus, which we shall notice presently, and the other to Randalstown, skirting the northern shores of Lough Neagh); thence by coach or car to Ballymoney (15 miles); thence to Coleraine (7 miles); and thence to the Causeway Hotel (about 9 miles). At all these places there are comfortable inns: the hotel at the Causeway is large, and fitted up expressly for Tourists.

This is the most rapid and direct route; but the most interesting and picturesque is that which we have described at length in this Book-BY THE COAST; first by railway to Carrickfergus (which is reached in about an hour), and thence through Ballycastle. Leaving the Belfast station of the Belfast and Ballymena Railway by the 6 o'clock morning train, the traveller arrives at Carrickfergus at a quarter-past 7 a.m. The mail-coach for Ballycastle starts upon the arrival of this train. Ballycastle is only 11 miles from The mail-coach-road runs along the coast, often upon the the Causeway. edge of the sea-shore, and passes through a number of small fishing-towns, arriving at the following hours: - Larne, 9.40 a.m.; Glenarm, 11.20 a.m.; Cushendall, 1.40 p.m.; and Ballycastle, 2.20 p.m. Should the Tourist be unable to leave Belfast by the 6 o'clock train, in time to avail himself of the mail, he need not trouble himself much about it, as public cars will ply between the towns we have mentioned during summer; but most travellers prefer the independence of posting on a hired car. This is by far the pleasantest, and (with an intelligent driver, who will occasionally diverge out of the direct route, to point out the most remarkable features) the most preferable mode. Cars leave the Carrickfergus station every day for Larne and Glenarm, at 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.; returning from Glenarm every day at 6 a.m., and arriving at Carrickfergus in time for the 10.55 a.m. train for Belfast. The ordinary cars of the country—"the outside jaunting cars" are, however, always to be procured; the charge being 6d. a mile—Irish miles—and usually 8d. a mile, if more than one passenger be carried; the driver will expect 2d. a mile. There are comfortable inns at all the stages, and neither difficulty nor inconvenience will be experienced by this route.

Placing, then—by either of these two routes—the Tourist at the Giant's Causeway, we refer him to the following pages for, we believe, all the information he will require concerning the Causeway—the interest of which is very greatly enhanced by the stupendous mountain-rocks and magnificent sea coast by which it is environed. His stay at the Causeway will probably not exceed two days, unless time permit him to make excursions to the neighbouring marvels—of which there are many—fertile of compensation. He will find guides and boatmen full of sea—and scientific—knowledge; the charges at the hotel will be moderate; there will be attention to all his wants and wishes; and he will be amply rewarded by the pleasure and information derived from his Tour to this, the most sublimely grand of all the Wonderful Works of Nature in Ireland.

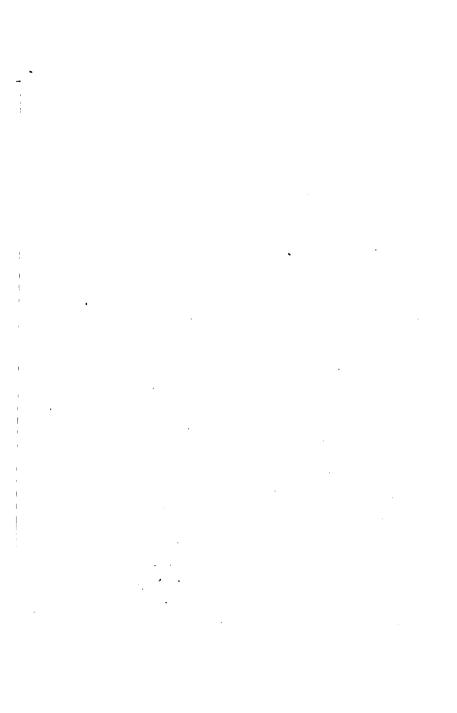
Returning homewards, he will take one of the two routes described; or, what will be infinitely preferable, visit the famous maiden city of Londonderry, distant 34 miles from the Causeway, passing by the singularly romantic ruin of Dunluce, the pretty bathing-places, Portrush and Port-Stewart, and the town of Coleraine. From Coleraine there is a four-wheeled car (in connexion with the railway) to Londonderry, whence there is a railway in progress, which will ultimately extend to Enniskillen. It has already been opened as far as Omagh. The distance from Omagh to Armagh, or to Castleblanev, must be made by public conveyance, or posted on a car; and from Armagh or Castleblaney the Tourist may return to Dublin by railway, through Newry and Drogheda. If, however, time permits, he should endeavour to return through Connemara. Enniskillen stands on the justly-famed Lough Erne. The distance from Enniskillen to Sligo is easily accomplished: Sligo and the splendid scenery that surrounds it will amply repay a visit; the mountains that frown over its bay are at once terrible and imposing. The distance is apparently great, but it can be without difficulty accomplished at comparatively small cost. A mail-coach runs between Sligo and Castlebar; there is also a coach or car between Enniskillen and Ballina; indeed, this will be the case upon all the great leading roads. But, again, we recommend the posting-cars in these districts as preferable to public conveyances.

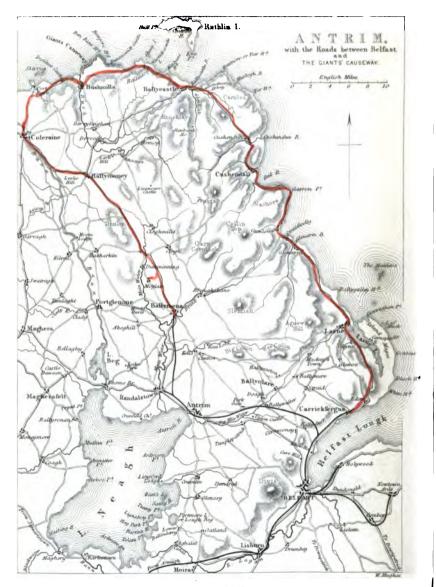
Full particulars on these points will be found in this Book. We have endeavoured to communicate to the Tourist all the information he requires; and have given such histories and illustrative facts connected with the places through which he will pass, or at which he will be located, as may augment his interest and add to his enjoyment. And that interest and that enjoyment cannot fail to be great. He will find in "the North" much to cheer and gratify—manufactories busily at work; industry and enterprise in full vigour; the natural resources of Ireland turned to profitable account; the people tranquil because prosperous; and his impressions of Ireland, hence derived, will be altogether those of hope and expectation. He will not fail to contrast the North with the South—to the disadvantage of the latter—and have faith in the capabilities of a country, in part of which so much that is good has been already done.

In the North, he will not only visit active and flourishing towns, he will inspect rare antiquities; he will listen to many legends; he will examine a primitive people, and a people mingled for centuries with the English and the Scotch; he will travel through scenery, beautiful often, and frequently magnificently grand; he will behold richly cultivated fields and wild districts, into which has never entered the spade of the husbandman,—mountain and valley, productive fields, and idle bog!

Above all (and it is mainly for this purpose his visit to the North will be made) he will see the Giant's Causeway, one of the wonders of the world.

And to the many advantages attending this most interesting tour, may be added the ease and comfort with which it may now be made. Although we hope that few will find it necessary to make so rapid a journey, we may premise that the Causeway may be reached within twenty hours of London, by railway nearly all the way.





London Virtue, Hall & Virtue.

ELFAST—whence we are to suppose the Tourist about to start for "the North"—is 113 English miles from Dublin. The Metropolitan Terminus is in Amiens-street, at the back of the Custom-house.

The principal towns passed through, en route, are Balbriggan, Drogheda, Dundalk, Portadown, Newry, and Lisburn. Of these we shall give some brief account; detaining the Tourist awhile at the great

commercial capital of Ireland, conducting him thence, by the coast-road, to the Giant's Causeway; thence to the maiden city of "Derry," and thence back to Belfast, through Coleraine and Antrim; or by the less direct, but infinitely more interesting and romantic, route, through Donegal county, into Enniskillen; thence to Armagh; through Sligo county and into Galway; or by any of the other routes southward.

The railroad runs for a considerable distance—indeed, for nearly twenty-five miles—through the county of Dublin, keeping in view, the whole of the way, the Bay and the open sea. The Hill of Howth, Ireland's Eye, Lambay, and the Skerries, are seen to much advantage; and until Drogheda is reached, and we cross the famous Boyne Water, the ocean is never out of ken.

Various objects will claim his attention, both landward and seaward, soon after the Tourist leaves Dublin; the greater number of these, however, appertain to that division of our Guide Books which introduces him to Dublin and its adjacent scenery—to which belong the magnificent Bay and its attractions, on the one side, and the several ancient villages and pic-

turesque ruins on the other. We shall therefore for the present pass them by, noticing only that of Swords, with its ruined castle, its round tower, and

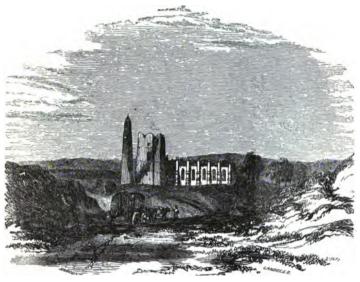


CASTLE AT SWORDS.

its monastic remains. The castle is very picturesque, standing on the banks of a clear and rapid river. It was formerly the palace of the Archbishop of Dublin, and must have been a strong as well as an extensive pile. It consists of ranges of embattled walls, flanked with towers. Swords was, at one period, a place of considerable importance, having had the "honour" to be repeatedly burnt and plundered by the Danes, who destroyed it no fewer than four times during the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Of the numerous ecclesiastical edifices there are now but few remains;

the round tower—seventy-three feet in height—and the abbey belfry, a square building, of no more remote antiquity than the fourteenth or perhaps the fifteenth century, and the modern church appended to it, convey but a very faint idea of the grandeur of the olden time.



ABBET AT SWORDS.

The next station of importance is that of Malahide. Here attention will be directed to one of the most venerable and interesting castles of Ireland—the castle of Malahide, the old fortified mansion of "the Talbots"—happily not a ruin, for it is still the residence of the estimable representative of the Anglo-Norman who won the land with his sword in the reign of the second Henry. It retains many marks of antiquity; it is an extensive square building, flanked with circular towers, having received considerable additions of late years; but they have been made in keeping with its

ancient character—and a very slight effort of the imagination will link its existing state with the history of the olden time.*

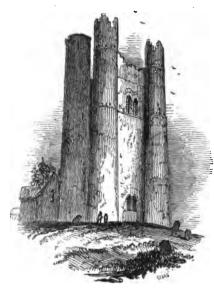


MALAHIDE CASTLE.

Some few miles further north is the small town of Lusk, which almost answers to the description we have given of Swords; for here, too, in the earliest age of Christianity, an abbey was erected with its attendant chapels and cells; and here also the church was castellated for the defence of the mathematic establishment. The architecture of this building, however, is remarkable and peculiar; it consists of two long aisles divided by a range

The property has been held by the Talbots from the period of their first settlement in Ireland to the present time; they were deprived of it during the troubles that followed the melancholy year 1641, but it was returned to them at "the Restoration." In 1653 a lease of the castle and the lands adjacent was granted to Miles Corbet, one of the regicides, who made it for some years his place of residence. He must have led a very retired life in his new possession, for little or nothing is known of his career in Ireland; even the traditions of the peasantry are silent concerning him; the only one that exists having reference to his pellution of the old walls—being that, when he first entered them, a small carved statue of the Virgin miraculously disappeared, and as miraculously returned to its proper place when the intruder embarked on ship-board, at the neighbouring port, and sought safety on the Continent.

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LUSE CASTLE.

of seven arches: the east end is the present church; at the west end is a square steeple (represented in our engraving), attached to three angles of which are round towers: and near the fourth angle is an insulated veritable "round tower." in a good state of preservation, though deprived of its cap. Beneath the steeple is a stoneroofed crypt, in reference to which Grose remarks, "I know from abundant evidence that all our most ancient religious edifices began in the ninth century with stone-roofed crypts near which were erected our round towers; and numberless proofs occur of these being the work of the Ostmen."

The station next reached is that of Balbriggan, which may be dignified as one of the manufacturing towns of Ireland.*

But, until the Tourist arrives at Drogheda, his inquiries may be limited,

* The stockings of Balbriggan are entirely of cotton: their originality and merit consists in their softness, fineness, and durability, and in the exceeding delicacy of the "open work." The thread so frequently introduced into them, for the coarser stocking, is chiefly imported from Belper: the cotton for the finer sort, from Glasgow and Manchester: some portions are now better made in Belfast. But the whole of it undergoes certain "preparations" in Balbriggan, before it is consigned to the loom; and these preparations originate the superiority of the article. The Balbriggan stockings are, not unfrequently, preferred to silk.

One establishment—that of Mr. Smyth—has existed since 1797; the business has much increased of late years, and in his factory alone, we understand, nearly 200 persons are employed. His Dublin establishment is in Lower Abbey Street. Indeed, if we are rightly informed, it was the enterprise of the head of this firm which created the business in Balbriggan, when, at the close of the last century, various causes had contributed to destroy it in "the Liberties" of Dublin.

and easily answered. At Drogheda, however, he should rest; for here and in the neighbourhood are many scenes which history has made famous, or infamous. Here, also, are the most remarkable of the "works of Druid hands of old" to be found in Ireland; and, whether he seeks for beautiful scenery, marvellous remains of antiquity, or renowned historic sites, at Drogheda, or adjacent to it, his labours will be largely recompensed.

The Tourist, before he arrives at this point in his tour northward, will have passed two or three of the "Round Towers," concerning which he cannot fail to have heard much. We shall not presume here to offer any opinion as to their origin. The subject has been for centuries fertile of controversy; and, although now-a-days voices generally side with the learned Dr. Petrie in considering them Christian edifices, there are yet many defenders of the old theory that they were erected long prior to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. As in this volume repeated references will be made to them (so many occurring on the route) the reader will accept some briefly condensed information on the subject.

Although formerly very numerous, not more than about eighty-three towers at present remain—twenty in a perfect, and sixty-three in a state of decay. The former vary in height from one hundred and thirty to seventy feet, and are divided into several stories. Their general diameter is between eight and fifteen feet. The door, with but three known exceptions—Scattery, Clonmacnois, and Aghaviller—is placed at a height from the ground varying from six to fifteen feet. In some instances it is arched, in others a plain oblong. Its position varies, and seems to have been of no consequence. Each floor, exclusive of the basement and the attic, is lit by a single window; that at the entrance receives light by the door, and the upper story, (with the exception of two towers in the county of Kilkenny, which have six each,) is lit by four windows, which face the cardinal points. The whole structure is roofed by a conical arch of mason-work.

Their origin and use have proved a subject of greatly perplexed inquiry, being claimed (as we have intimated) adversely for Pagans and Christians: they have been described as temples for unholy Pagan rites; as beacons; as belfreys; as anchorite towers; as penitentiaries; as temples for sun worship; as repositories for church utensils; as Christian minarets; as

sepulchres; as monuments to early Christian teachers; as episcopal indexes—i.e., to point out cathedral churches. Popular report relates that they were universally built in one night by some holy man or other; while Mr. Windele—in an article written by him for the work on Ireland, published by the authors of this volume in 1845—contends for their heathen origin, and has little hesitation in assuming that "most, perhaps all, were at once temples of the sun, depositaries of the sacred fire, indexes to denote the solstices, equinoxes, and motions of the heavenly bodies, and gnomons by which the shadow of that sun (of which they were the temples) indicated the Rathas, or seasons of the year. From their summits also the people were summoned, by the sound of trumpets or horns, to worship; and in this respect they served the purpose of minarets. Added to these various uses, many of them were also sepulchral, like the Egyptian pyramids, which were sun-temples, as well as burial-places."

Concerning the architecture of these singular structures, the same ingenious writer makes the following remarks:--" That Ireland has many monuments of ancient Cyclopic and Pelasgian architecture, no one acquainted with her antiquities can doubt. The interior of several of her cairns, cave temples, forts, cassiols, and cahers, as well as those singular cells—various in form-found in several islands of Kerry, amply attest this. They are built in strict conformity with the style found at Mycene, in the Etruscan Sepulchres, the Egyptian Pyramids in India, in the Temple of Brombanan in Java. in Mexico, &c., the most ancient in the world, and whose origin is traceable to the Canaanites or Phœnicians—the Giants of the Septuagint, the Cyclops of the Greeks. The style ceased between the seventh and fourth centuries before Christ, and yet, strange to say, we find it continued in Ireland in some of our most ancient Christian churches for seven centuries after the Christian era. This is accounted for in part by the seclusion and isolation of this country from the Roman world, and by the permanent and, in this and many other instances, Asiatic nature of its institutions, habits, and manners. In a country like Ireland, in which professions and trades were hereditary, as in the case of the brehon or judge, the physician, the Druid. the bard, the marshal, the standard-bearer, the brazier, the smith, &c., Christianity wrought no change of architectural style beyond that of form,

substituting, in the Christian Temple, the angular for the rotund of the Pagan, but preserving all the manner, character, and details of the national style."

We shall leave this matter as we find it; observing only, that few objects more full of interest will be presented to the Tourist during a visit to Ireland.

At Drogheda, then, we shall entreat the tourist to stay; proceeding thence, by railway, to Navan (17½ miles); thence, perhaps, to Trim; but certainly to visit the wonderful Druidic remains at New Grange, and, it may be, the famous Hill, and the site of the ancient "Halls," of Tara.



ET him first, however, examine well the town of Drogheda itself; for it will afford abundant interest during the two or three hours that may be expended in the task.*

Drogheda is the principal town of the county of Louth. It is a seaport; its character is that of a "compact" town; the suburbs, indeed, are sufficiently wretched, but the leading streets

present an appearance of bustle and business; the quays look as if they were trodden by the foot of commerce; and the exhibition of a coarser kind of linen, on stalls, in various places, gives welcome and satisfactory tokens of an approach towards the "manufacturing north." The sea is close at hand, and vessels of burden may discharge their cargoes at the bridge—a bridge which divides the town, part of which is in the county of Meath. Few towns are more advantageously circumstanced for trade with England; it lies nearly opposite to Liverpool; is the great outlet for the produce of the rich counties adjacent; the river Boyne runs through it to the ocean, and a navigable canal facilitates intercourse with several

• "Drogheda, a maritime county of a town in Leinster province, situate between Mesth and Louth counties, and 31½ miles N. from Dublin by railway, comprising an area of nine square miles or 5780 acres, of which 5308 are in the rural district, and 472 in the town; population in 1831, 17,365, of which 1437 were of the Established Church, 265 Protestant Dissenters, and 15,662 Roman Catholics; population in 1841, 19,530, of which 2909 were in the rural district, and 16,621 in the town, inhabiting 2,955 houses; population in 1851, 16,876. The town is situate on the Boyne, four miles from the sea,"—Thom's Almanack.

districts of Meath; these natural advantages being considerably enhanced by the railway to Dublin, to Belfast, and to Navan.

At a very early period, Drogheda was a fortified town; and in the four-teenth century it had attained to considerable commercial importance. But until the year 1641—the year of the "famous rebellion"—its annals contain no records of stirring events. Then, however, while in the occupation of the royal army, under the command of a gallant officer, Sir Henry Tichborne, it became distinguished for a successful defence against the Irish forces, under the command of Sir Phelim O'Neil. A narrative of the siege, written by



DROGHEDA.

Nicholas Bernard, Dean of Ardagh, was subsequently published; it is, of course, an ex-parte statement, but the defence was certainly conducted with much skill and bravery.

It was in 1649, however, that a fearful and disastrous visitation awaited

Drogheda; when Oliver Cromwell there commenced a ruthless career in Ireland, the remembrance of which is still freshly preserved in the forcible expression so common in the mouths of the Irish peasantry—"The curse of Cromwell be upon you!"

Cromwell landed in Dublin, early in August, with an army consisting of "8,000 foot, 4,000 horse, £20,000 in money, a formidable train of artillery, and all other necessaries of war." At the head of all his forces, he at once proceeded to Tredagh—the ancient name of Drogheda—then garrisoned by 2,500 foot and 300 horse, under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, "a brave and experienced officer."

"A resolution being taken to besiege that place," writes Ludlow, "our army sat down before it, and the lieutenant-general caused a battery to be erected, by which he made a breach in the wall." The spot from which he first assaulted the town is still known by the name of "Cromwell Fort," and is introduced into the accompanying print. It stands on the summit of a hill that completely commands the town; but the fortifications which now crown it are of comparatively recent erection. "The garrison were not dismayed," they expected succour from Ormond; and, according to Mark Noble, "seemed to be unanimous in their resolution, rather than deliver up the town, to expire with it—which," he coolly adds, "they did, not long after."

Twice they repulsed the enemy; but a third assault, led by the lieutenant-general in person, was successful; when Cromwell issued his "infernal order" for a general and indiscriminate massacre. He himself best tells the horrid story of his butchery, in a letter to the Speaker Lenthall, dated September 17th:—"The governor, Sir Arthur Aston, and divers considerable officers, being there, our men getting at them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword; and, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men; divers of the officers and men being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed Saint Peter's church-steeple, some the west gate, and others a round tower, next the gate, called Saint Sunday's; these being summoned to yield to mercy, refused, whereupon I ordered the steeple

of Saint Peter's to be fired, when one of them was heard to say, in the midst of the flames, 'God confound me! I burn! I burn!'"

Cromwell thus blasphemously sums up the history of his atrocity:—
"And now give me leave to say how it came to pass, this great work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God." A few days afterwards, in another letter to the Speaker, alluding to the wholesale massacre, he thus writes:—"I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, he will



GATE OF ST. LAWRENCE.

give you a heart to improve them to His glory alone, because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience, and long-suffering extended towards you." From the same unquestionable authority—Cromwell himself—we learn that the murders were as cold-blooded as they were extensive; and continued long after the excitement of the contest had subsided. The hideous execution of the savage order for indiscriminate slaughter was continued "during five days, with every circumstance of horror;" it was stayed at length—according to tradition, for history has no record of the fact—in consequence of a touching incident arousing the lingering spark of humanity in the iron heart of Cromwell. Walking through the streets, he noticed, stretched along the path, the dead body of a newly-made mother, from whose breast the miserable infant was vainly endeavouring to draw sustenance.



ST. MARY'S, DROGHEDA.

The storming of Drogheda was but the first act of a terrible tragedy; every step which Cromwell took through Ireland was marked with blood, and his frightful example was too closely imitated by his generals.

Of the old walls and fortifications of Drogheda, there are still some interesting remains; the most perfect is the Gate of St. Lawrence. Ancient monastic relics are also of very frequent occurrence within the early boundary of the town. Among the more remarkable is the ruin of St. Mary's church, "founded by the citizens of Drogheda, under Edward I.; it was originally a convent of Carmelites, and called St. Mary's of Mount Carmel; a name very expressive of its situation, being erected on the most elevated part of the southern division of the town, and occupying the south-east angle of the town-wall."

But Drogheda fills a far less dismal page in Irish history; the name is associated with a triumph stained by no after atrocities. Within sight of towers blackened by the ruthless soldiery of Cromwell, a victory was gained pregnant with more beneficial results to Great Britain than all her conquests before or since achieved. The BATTLE OF THE BOYNE must be regarded as the key-stone of the temple of civil and religious liberty in these kingdoms.

The conduct of Schomberg in Ireland was a striking proof of imbecility; he was upwards of fourscore years old when—having first received the honours of a dukedom and the garter, and the more substantial gift of £100,000 in money, as retaining fees for "services to be performed"—he was sent with sufficient forces, as commander-in-chief, to Ireland. Occasionally, indeed, he exhibited evidence that his natural energy was not quite extinguished; but the system of useless and needless procrastination upon which he acted had very nearly destroyed the army of William—a system for which it was his wont to apologise, or rather to account, by a solemnly ludicrous reference to "les règles de la guerre," which he considered absolutely necessary to direct the actions of a soldier under all circumstances.

Famine and pestilence thinned his ranks; and, but for the timely arrival of the king, the cause would have been, for a time, inevitably lost: indeed, it could not have been retrieved, but that James seemed as much incapacitated by indecision and pusillanimity, as his opponent, Schomberg, was by age.

William, immediately on his arrival in Ireland - where, as he said, "he

came not to let the grass grow beneath his feet"—changed altogether that Fabian policy, under the evil effects of which the troops of Schomberg were rapidly perishing; and the war commenced in earnest. He had landed at Carrickfergus; the Boyne lay in his course to Dublin; Drogheda was in possession of the Irish, and the river must, of necessity, be crossed. Here, then, James stood to dispute the farther progress of his rival; and here William resolved to hazard a battle, upon which depended the fate of Great Britain, and, indeed, the after destinies of the world.

The Boyne is a very beautiful and picturesque river; it winds through



THE PASSAGE OF THE BOYNE.

the fertile valleys of Meath, and from its richly-wooded banks the hills rise gradually; there are no lofty mountains in the immediate neighbourhood. The depth, in nearly all parts, is considerable, and the current, consequently, not rapid; its width, near the field of battle, varies little, and is seldom less than fifty or sixty yards. James had the choice of ground, and it was judiciously selected. On the south side of the river, in the county of Meath, his army was posted with considerable skill: on the right was Drogheda;

in front were the fords of the Boyne, deep and dangerous, and difficult to pass at all times; the banks were rugged, lined by a morass, defended by some breastworks, with "huts and hedges convenient for infantry;" and behind them was an acclivity stretching along the whole of "the field." James fixed his own tent upon the summit of a hill close to the little church of Donore,* now a ruin; it commanded an extensive view of the adjacent



THE CHURCH OF DONORE.

country, and the opposite or south side of the river—the whole range, indeed, from Drogheda to Oldbridge village—and looked directly down upon the valley, in which the battle was to be fought, and the fords of the Boyne, where there could have been no doubt the troops of William would attempt a passage. From this spot, James beheld his prospering rival mingling in the thick of the *mêlêe*, giving and taking blows; watched every turn of fortune, as it veered towards or against him; saw his enemies pushing their

^{*}Donore is in the county of Meath; a few miserable cabins still dignify the place with the title of village. The church stands on the summit of an elevated hill of limestone, due west of Drogheda, and about a mile south of the pass of the Boyne. It is a complete ruin, the east gable end being the only portion of it now standing.

way in triumph, and his brave allies falling before the swords of foreigners—a safe and inglorious spectator of a battle upon the issue of which his throne depended. The preceding night he had spent at Carntown Castle, from whence he had marched, not as the leader, but as the overseer, of the Irish army; having previously given unequivocal indications of his



CARNTOWN CASTLE.

prospects, his hopes, and his designs, by despatching a commissioner to Waterford, "to prepare a ship for conveying him to France, in case of any misfortune."

William had been early astir; the night previous he had passed at the old house of Ardagh;† from hence he had ridden to ascertain, as nearly as

This castle is situated on the summit of a rising ground, in the townland of Carn, about two miles and a half due north of Drogheda, on the road from that place to Clogher. The view from it is very commanding, the ground rising gradually from the Boyne; allowing the spectator not only a prospect of the S. E. portion of the county of Louth, but also that of a great part of the northern portion of the county of Meath. To the south the view is less extensive, as the country rises gradually for the distance of about a mile.

[†] This house is situated on the side of a ridge of limestone which runs northward of the domain of Townley Hall, and is about two miles and a half from the scene of the battle at "Oldbridge town." The view given is taken from the orchard attached to the house.

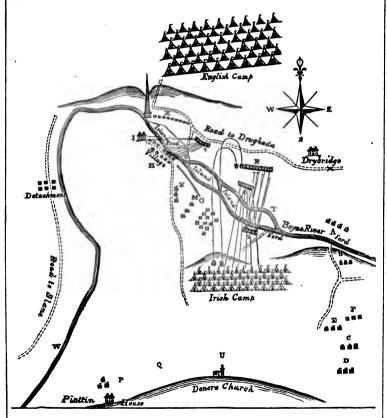
he might, the position and numerical strength of the enemy, and here he no doubt uttered that famous sentence—" It was a country worth fighting for;" the rich plains of Meath were within ken; the clear river ran through a fair pasture-land; the very summits of the hills were clothed in verdure; and the broad sea was—at no great distance—in sight. Between this re-



ARDAGH HOUSE.

markable spot and the ford he was to cross the field is yet pointed out where the mighty interests of mankind were very nearly determined by the King's death. Surrounded by his staff, he rode slowly along the river, and had settled upon the spot at which his army should pass. Standing within musket-shot of the village of Old Bridge, he was recognised by the leaders of the Irish—Sarsfield, Berwick, Tyrconnel, and Lauzun—from the opposite bank of the river. Quietly and very secretly, for it was unnoticed by the King's attendants, two field-pieces were planted behind a hedge; and the moment he had remounted his horse to retire, two shots were fired—one of

them killed an attendant at his side, and the other, "graxing on the bank, did, in its rise, slant on the King's right shoulder, took away a piece of



his coat, ruffling the skin and flesh." The confusion that followed among

the group which surrounded his majesty, conveyed to the Irish camp an impression that he was slain; the triumphant cheers of his enemies were distinctly heard by William, as he rode calmly off, coolly observing that "there was no necessity the bullet should come nearer." His slight wound was instantly dressed, and so little concern did he give to it, that during the remainder of the day he continued on horseback, and "dined in a field."

We cannot afford space to describe the battle of the Boyne, but a good idea of it may be formed from the appended plan, copied from the old map of Captain Richardson, an "eye-witness." The descriptive notes are also borrowed from the same source.

- A. Here King William passed the Boyne at the head of four troops of Inniskillen horse, one regiment of Danish horse, and one regiment of English foot.
- B. A regiment of Irish Dragoons posted on high ground near the river, who fired at the King when in the river.
- C. A regiment of Irish horse, in a fallow field, defeated and pursued by the said four troops of the Inniskillen horse.
- D. A body of Irish horse, who repulsed the said four troops, and pursued them up to the Danish regiment at E.
- E. A regiment of Danish horse, who gave way, upon which King William was obliged to retreat a little.
- F. A regiment of English foot, who made good their ground, and repulsed the Irish horse, upon which King William rallied the Bands and Inniskilleners, and cut to pleces the said Irish horse and dragoons.
- G. The Ford where the Blue Dutch Guards passed the river. Schomberg also passed the river here, after the Blue Dutch had cleared the way.
 - H. The Village of Old Bridge.
 - I. A slated house full of Irish soldiers.

- K. Here the Blue Dutch Guards attacked a body of Irish foot, and routed them.
- L. Duke Schomberg, Doctor Walker, and Colonel Caillemote were killed by a squadron of Parker's horse.
- M. The Blue Dutch fought another body of Irish foot here, and repulsed them.
- N. A body of Irish horse were repulsed here by Colonel St. John's regiment of foot.
- O. The Bine Dutch Guards, together with Calllemote's and St. John's regiment of foot, fought a large body of French and Irish foot and beat them, upon which the Irish army abandoned their camp and baggage, and retreated towards Duleek in great haste.
- P. Here General Hamilton, with a large body of horse, attacked and routed eight troops of the Inniskillen horse, and pursued them with some slaughter.
- Q. King William put a stop to the pursuit here, took General Hamilton prisoner, and cut this party to pieces.
 - R. The English Battery.
 - S. The Irish Battery.
- T. The place where eight troops of Inniskillen horse and some more forces passed the Boyne.
 - U. Here King James stood during the action.

The battle was fought, lost by James, and won by William, on Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1690.

Authorities differ as to the relative amount of forces on both sides; they

were, however, nearly equal in number—about 30,000 on each—but animated by every opposite expectations as to the result: the Irish army of James, despising their commander, knowing that he had made preparations for a defeat, and designed to peril nothing, save his chance of regaining the crown he had abandoned, were indisposed to act with their French allies; moreover, a large proportion were raw and undisciplined recruits, badly armed, ill fed, and supported only by their native and natural courage. The forces of William, on the other hand, were—we quote from Harris—"strangers to fear, familiar with victory, and emboldened by plenty." "As for the generals," he adds, "not to mention the other officers, there was as much disproportion between Schomberg and Lauzun as between their respective kings; so that the odds lay visibly on the English side, notwithstanding the advantageous situation of the Irish camp."



THE GRAVE OF CAILLEMOTE

The death of Caillemote was almost the first memorable incident of the fight; he was the gallant leader of the French Protestants—a small body of men who did good service to the cause, and fought with strong memories

of the persecutions they had undergone; and hopes equally strong of renewed freedom under the sway of a Protestant monarch. He received a mortal wound at the head of his men, who were attacked and routed by a party of Irish horse; and as he was borne across the river bleeding upon the shoulders of four of his comrades, he repeatedly cheered his troops by the exclamation—"A la gloire, mes enfans! A la gloire!" The brave soldier was buried at a short distance from the field; his grave is still indicated by a slight elevation of the earth that covers it, and two finely-grown elm trees overshadow his remains:—

"There Honour comes, a Pilgrim gray, To kiss the sod that wraps his clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping Hermit there."

The death of Caillemote* led, probably, to that of Schomberg; for the veteran soldier saw his old comrade fall, and noted the French Protestants fighting without a commander. He galloped across the water to head them, and "in such a hurry" that he entered action without his defensive armour. Having pithily addressed them—"Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs!"—he formed them for an attack. The Irish dragoons had been by this time cut down by the Enniskilleners; a handful of men, however were making their escape, and in the mélée forced the old general with them. At this moment his own party fired, and Schomberg fell instantly dead; so closing a career of honour and glory in the eighty-second year of his age. Within a few minutes afterwards, Dr. Walker, the famous defender of Londonderry, whose name is not less renowned than that of Schomberg, received a mortal wound in the belly, and died upon the field.

The Irish retreated, fighting bravely, however, and actually staying the progress of the English army for a brief space, by the obstinacy with which

^{*} The spot which tradition points out as the grave of Caillemote, is a slightly elevated mound of earth between two elm trees, close to the gate-house of "Old Bridge House," to which has been given the name of "The General's Grave"—a name by which it was known long beyond existing memories. The motive assigned for his having been buried here is, that as it was mainly through his means the battle was gained, and to show how completely the enemy's ground had been won, they interred him on the Irish side of the river. "For the honour of the thing they took him across," said an old man; who thus accounted, and probably with reason, for the selection of this place of sepulture for the gallant stranger who was here "left alone in his glory."

they defended the walls of an old farm-house, called Sheep-house, that lay between the village of Old Bridge and the church of Donore,* which they held until attacked in flank by the troops of Douglas and Count Schomberg—after their passage of the river.

Accounts differ as to the number slain on either side; but it was singularly small, considering the large amount of both armies. By comparing the several statements of partisan writers, and steering a middle course between them, we may, probably, estimate the loss on the part of King



SHEEP-HOUSE FARM.

William at about 500 men; and, perhaps, that on the side of James extended to 1000—a disproportion easily accounted for when we know that Count Schomberg, after he heard of his father's death, gave no quarter;

^{*} Following a bridle road which leads from the old church to the river, about midway between them, we find the old farmhouse of Sheep-house. This place for a long time withstood the attacks of King William's troops, after the Irish were besten at the ford of Old Bridge, forming the rallying point of the Jacobites. It was taken and retaken several times.

"pursuing the enemy," writes Harris, "with that zeal and spirit which a noble resentment inspires," until arrested in his progress by the direct command of his sovereign.

"Change generals," was the almost universal cry of the Irish—"change generals, and we will fight the battle over again."

"James had no royal quality about him," we quote from a Roman Catholic historian:—"Nature had made him a coward, a monk, and a gourmand; and, spite of the freaks of fortune, that had placed him on a throne, and seemed inclined to keep him there, she vindicated her authority, and dropped him ultimately into the niche that suited him:

"The meanest slave of France's despot lord!"

His parting address to Irishmen was of a piece with his whole policy towards them, and in keeping with his character. It contained an insult and a falsehood. He told them that "in England he had an army which would fight, but deserted him; and that in Ireland he had an army which stood by him, but would not fight." He uttered one truth, however, in his most graceless and ungrateful speech to the subjects he was about to abandon to "take care of himself," which he alleged he was then "under the necessity of doing:"—

"It seems," said he, "it seems THAT GOD IS WITH MY ENEMIES!"

It is pleasant to find that, at least, one of the subjects he had betrayed had the spirit to resent an insult to the country and the people.—On reaching Dublin Castle, he was met by the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the lady of his viceroy. "Your countrymen, madam," he said, as he was ascending the stairs; "your countrymen can run well." "Not quite so well as your majesty," replied the high-souled woman, "for I see you have won the race."

And so departed from the Stuarts the sovereignty of Great Britain. They had suffered tribulation without learning mercy; they had endured adversity without finding that "sweet are its uses;" wisdom had not been taught them by experience; arbitrary power, licentiousness, and bigotry, were their familiars; and freedom rejoiced when the most worthless of the race stepped on ship-board, from Irish ground—verifying to the last the

prophetic exclamation of Marshal Rosen, when James declined to attack the miserable relic of Schomberg's army at Carrickfergus: "Had your Majesty ten kingdoms you would lose them!"

Posterity valued the blessings here obtained or confirmed. It is no marvel, therefore, that the battle at the Boyne river is held sacred in the memories of all Protestants—those of Ireland most especially; and that, ever since, its anniversary should have been a season of thankfulness and rejoicing.

An obelisk at "the Boyne Water" still keeps the victory in remembrance.* No doubt it was wise, in after-times, to arrest the annual demonstrations of popular joy which, in various places of the "Protestant north," called to mind the mighty triumph of 1690—demonstrations which naturally and necessarily, by continuance, gave pain and offence to many. But it is none the less true, that upon the issue of this battle depended the fate of the "Reformation" in the several states and kingdoms of the world by which the Reformation had been accepted.

The Obelisk, at the Boyne, immediately opposite the village of Old Bridge, stands on a rock which juts out a little into the current of the river. It was not erected until the year 1736. The vertex of the shaft is 150 feet above the level of the river, but the altitude of a picturesque rock, on which the monument is erected, and which is about twenty feet in height, is to be deducted from this measurement." The following inscriptions are graven on the dies of the pedestal:

"Sacred to the glorious Memory of King William the Third, who, on the first of July, 1690, passed the river, near this place, to attack James the Second, at the head of a Popish army, advantageously posted on the south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle, secure to us and to our posterity our liberty, laws, and religion. In consequence of this action James the Second left this kingdom, and fied to France. This Memorial of our deliverance was erected in the ninth year of the reign of King George the Second, the first stone being faid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset, lord-lieutemant of this kingdom, amouxxxvi.

Underneath is the following:

"In perpetuam rei tam fortiter quam feliciter gestes memoriam,

Hic publica gratitudinis Monumenti

Fundamen manibus ipse suis

Posuit Lionelus Dux Dorsetise, xviimo die Aprilis, moccxxxvi."

On the west side is inscribed in Roman capitals:

"JULY THE PIRST, MDCLXXXX."

And on the south:

"This monument was erected by the grateful contributions of several Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland."

In the south die:

"Reinard, Duke of Schomberg, in passing this river, died, bravely fighting in defence of liberty."



ROM Drogheda, as we have intimated, the tourist must proceed to do pilgrimage at the Boyne, taking its northern bank; he may first, however, visit the venerable and interesting ruins of Monasterboice, within about four miles of the town.

The group of "sacred glories" is comprised within the boundary of a small churchyard, and consists of the shells of two chapels, two perfect stone crosses, of

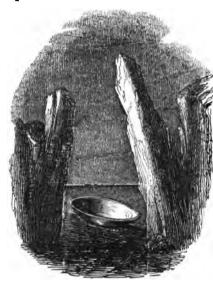
very beautiful and elaborate workmanship, and a Round Tower. The



monasterboice.

tower is one hundred and ten feet high; yet the height must have been considerably greater, for the cap and the upper parts were destroyed some years ago by lightning. The chapels are obviously of ages widely remote; the larger is perhaps of the twelfth century, but the smaller supplies evidence

of being some centuries older. The solitude of this assemblage of picturesque ruins is in fine keeping with the associations it cannot fail to arouse; the narrow churchyard is crowded with graves, among which the "fat weeds" grow in great luxuriance; a single blasted tree speaks of death more emphatically than even the broken head-stones; and the surrounding mountains seem to throw an eternal shadow over the solemn and impressive scene.



DBUIDIC REMAINS.

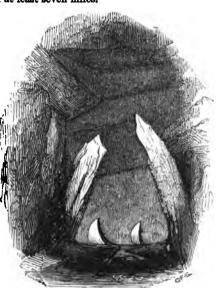
Hence, as we have intimated, he will arrive at Navan. visiting New Grange. Trim, and Tara—three more interesting objects not being to be found in Ireland. We proceed first to the tumulus of "New Grange"-situated on the banks of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane; it is one of four tumuli in the neighbourhood, all of which, it is conjectured, cover remains equally wonderful; for all are nearly similar in appearance and supply the same external evidence of artificial origin. Of their Druidic character, no one can entertain the remotest doubt: they

would carry conviction to the most sceptical, even if ample corroborative testimony did not exist. The mound is said to cover two acres of ground; its elevation is about seventy feet; but its original height was considerably greater; for centuries it has been resorted to as a quarry; and time has covered it with a coating of earth, in some places not many inches in depth.

At the base, the hill was formerly surrounded by shapeless masses of

rock, "supposed to weigh from ten to twelve tons each;" some of them still exist, partly sunk into the mould; the parts that are above ground being covered with lichen. These stones, as well as those of which the interior is constructed, are not found in the vicinity; and must have been conveyed to the place from a distance of at least seven miles.

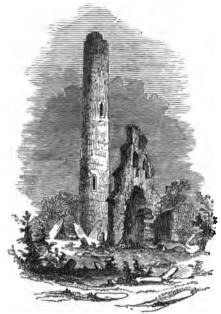
The interior was first explored in the year 1699 by a neighbouring gentleman, who while carrying away some of the stones to repair a road, " came at last to a very broad fla stone, rudely carved and placed edgewise at the bottom of the mount." We first entered a long and very narrow "gallery," leading to the Druidic chamber. We crept, or rather crawled, along, a distance of about sixty feet the height being no more than eighteen inches, and the breadth somewhat less than twenty-four. The passage is "roofed," and the sides are supported by enormous slabs; about midway, a stone, which



DRUIDIC REMAINS.

appears to have fallen from the perpendicular, seemed to forbid farther progress; this passed, however, by twisting the body onwards, the avenue gradually expands, and "the Dome" is entered. We stood where, above two thousand years ago, the Druids offered sacrifice; or, at least, where they held their solemn meetings; for of its origin there is no doubt, and almost as little, that it was the "Inner Temple" of their secret rites. The chamber is an irregular circle. Opposite the entrance, and at the sides, to

the right and left, are three cavities, each of which formerly contained oval basins; in one of them, that to the right, the basin is still perfect, as represented in the annexed sketch. There can be no question that the



BOUND TOWER OF DONAGHMORE.

stone had been scooped into this form by art: the other. although much broken, completely tallies with it: and many parts of the cave contain sculptured marks, beyond all possibility of doubt the production of human hands. These are of various forms-spiral, lozengeshaped. diamond-shaped, zig-zag, and circular; and similar signs occur in the narrow gallery. They bear tokens of good and even refined workmanship. The appended print represents the less perfect of the cavities and basins; it is that which directly fronts the entrance. For the purpose to which this rude, though most magnificent, monu-

ment was dedicated, we have no guide but conjecture. Whether "a place of sacrifice," or for "rites more than commonly mysterious," or "for sepulture," or for "storing rare treasures"—the secret is with the past, and will, in all human probability, remain with it for ever.

Navan* has little worthy of notice; but in its immediate neighbour-

[•] There is, as we have intimated, a branch railway from Drogheda to Navan, a distance of 172 miles.

hood is the Round Tower of Donaghmore. The circumference near the base is sixty-six feet, and its height to the slant of the roof, which is wanting, is about 100 feet. Over the entrance, as usual, about twelve feet from the ground, there is a rude sculptured figure, in relief, bearing a very close

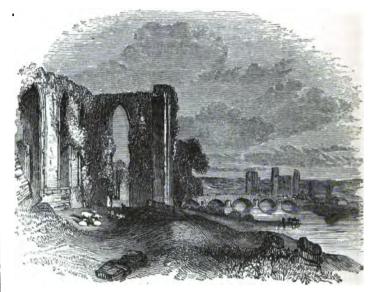


BECTIVE ABBEY.

resemblance to the Crucifixion—at least the attitude is that of one crucified, but we could detect no token of the Cross. The legs are bent awkwardly as if to denote pain. On either side is a sculptured head; both heads have a sort of covering, resembling a monk's cowl, or the glibbs of the ancient Irish. Much importance has been attached to these unusual appearances;

and they have been made formidable weapons in the controversy concerning the origin of the Round Towers.

Nearly midway between Navan and Trim is the fine ruin of Bective Abbey, charmingly situated on the Boyne. The abbey was richly endowed,



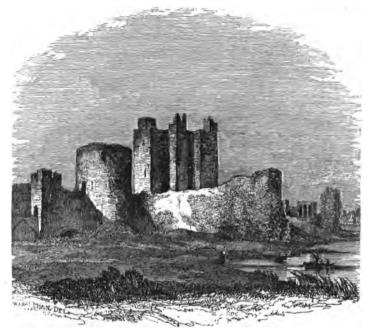
THE ABBEY OF NEWTOWN.

and the abbot, who was a peer of parliament, seems to have lived in considerable splendour.

At a short distance from Trim are other picturesque ruins—those of the Abbey of Newtown especially. It was a priory of regular canons, and the prior was also a peer of parliament.

Trim borders the "pleasant Boyne," as the river was called by Spenser; but to which after-times gave the still more simple, and the far more famous,

title of "the Boyne water." Its eastle was for centuries one of the most remarkable in Ireland. The history of this now dilapidated structure is full of interest; the remains are very extensive, and indicate its former strength, when it was a chief bulwark of "the Pale," and the great safe-



TRIM CASTLE.

guard of the "English adventurers." In all the contests of after-times, it partook largely; it was in military occupation so recently as 1688; now it is a mass of ruins, highly picturesque as they line the bank of the beautiful

river, and recal, forcibly, the memory of its days of almost regal splendour.*

About seven miles from Trim is Dangan, so long the seat of the Wellesleys. Neither the Marquis of Wellesley, nor "the Duke," were born here; but here, undoubtedly, many of their earlier years were passed, and here their minds were created. Dangan was destroyed by fire, and



DANGAN.

was never rebuilt. Unhappily, therefore, one of the most interesting mansions in the kingdon is now but a collection of bared and broken walls; a mere shell, indeed; and fancy seeks in vain to connect the early thoughts and habits of the great men who issued from it, to amaze the world, with some nook fitted for silent study, or some chamber sacred to nursings of the greatness that was to be theirs "hereafter."

^{*} Trim may be visited by Tourists either on this line or on that to Galway; it is about the same distance from each.

We considered, however, that to preserve a sketch of Dangan, even in

ruins, was desirable; and we accompany it with an autograph of the Duke, copied from the corporation books; it is, indeed, affixed to all the leading acts of the corporation from June, 1789, to

September, 1793, during which period he represented the borough of Trim in the Irish Parliament.

BOUT four miles from Trim, is the Hill of Tara. Who will not recal that sweetest of the melodies which mourns over the departed glories of the ancient city of the Irish kings! The visitor to the site of "Tara's Halls" will at first be inevitably disappointed: nothing will meet his

eye but a succession of grass-covered mounds, with some rounded stones, of no great size, planted, as it were, upon the highest of them; and he may be tempted to exclaim with "The Critic"—

"The Spanish fleet, thou canst not see, because
It is not yet in sight."



THE HILL OF TARA.

Farther consideration, however, and farther reflection, even without the aid of imagination, will induce a conviction that he stands in the centre

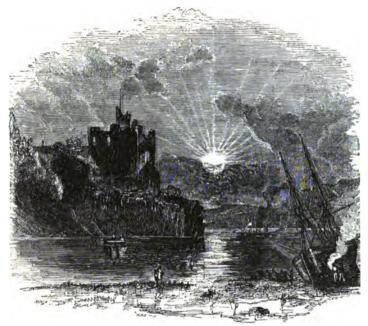
of an early Irish city; and a brief stretch of fancy may summon around him "chiefs and ladies bright," and awaken the echo of the harp in "the Halls" of Tara, in all their pride of "former days." The present character of the hill may be conceived from the appended sketch. From the main road there is a considerable ascent, for about a mile, before we arrive at the commencement of the mounds, which are evidently artificial. It then seems, to the superficial observer, a mere assemblage of hillocks, the largest of which is about thirty yards long, and of an equal breadth; upon this stands the marvellous pillar-stone, nearly in the centre. The pillar-stone is the "Lia Fail," the "celebrated coronation-stone" of the ancient Irish kings.

Of the remote antiquity of Tara there can be no doubt, and as little of its deep interest to the antiquary; and we shall not soon forget the morning we passed upon the hill, nor the magnificent prospect of a fair country we beheld from its summit—although, immediately around us, we could only see "high barrows, without marble or a name."

"And where we sought for Ilion's walls, The quiet sheep feed, and the tortoise crawls!"

E must re-conduct the tourist to Drogheda, in order to pursue his route northward. To stop at Dundalk (the next town of importance) is needless; but, at Newry, he will do well to rest, in order to visit thence the bay of Carlingford, Warrens-point, and beautiful Rosstrevor. This bay is one of the most beautiful in Ireland; Carlingford is situated on the southern bank, and is famous for its fine castellated and monastic remains.

As with many of the "stone houses" of Ireland, the building of the Castle is attributed to King John, whose name it continues to bear. The town was situated on the frontier of "the Pale;" it became of importance, therefore, soon after the Anglo-Norman invasion, and fortifications as well as religious establishments rapidly sprung up within its precincts. It is, however, to the northern banks of the bay of Carlingford that the attention of the tourist should be directed; and especially he should visit the beautiful village of Rosstrevor, not inaptly termed the Montpelier of Ireland. On his route, about two miles from Newry, he will pass the ruined castle of Narrow Water.



CARLINGFORD CASTLE.

A little farther on is the charming village of Warrens-point, esteemed one of the best bathing places in Ireland. It is backed by mountains, and faces the broad bay; some three miles to the east is "beautiful Rosstrevor." There are few places in Great Britain that offer stronger temptations to visitors who love the picturesque, enjoy the magnificence of nature, or

desire tranquil and healthful retirement. Although completely open to the sea, it is approached only by mild southern breezes; the adjacent hills protect it completely on the north and east, and a promontory, covered with luxuriantly-grown trees, juts between it and the west; villas, mansions, and cottages ornées, surround it on all sides, wherever the mountains have left



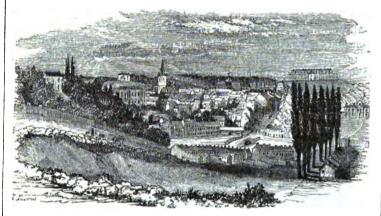
NABROW WATER CASTLE.

small nooks of verdure; and streamlets innumerable are rippling down into the valley from the hill-sides. From the mountain called Clough-Mor, which overlooks Rosstrevor, the view is one of the most sublime in Ireland. It should be ascended by all travellers in search of natural beauties.



TOPPING at the next station, Portadown, the Tourist will be called upon to proceed by railroad to Armagh—unless he desire to take this route on his way back—for Armagh should certainly be visited. Armagh is from Portadown fourteen miles. The city, from whatever side it is approached, is an object of considerable interest and beauty. It lines the sides of a steep hill, which stands almost in the centre of a remarkably

fertile valley. The new houses are, for the most part, built of marble, and the streets are literally paved with the same material: from its high position, therefore, and the solid character of the buildings, its appearance is singularly clean and pure, and even the lowest alleys have a character of decent and orderly arrangement. Several public structures have been of late years erected; and in every instance due regard has been had to elegance as well



ARMAGH,

as durability; walks have been laid out in various directions round the city, to which the public have free access; and great exertions have been made by many of its citizens to render modern Armagh worthy of its ancient fame. This ancient fame is derived mainly from its cathedral, which crowns the summit of a hill—Druimsailech (the Hill of Sallows); and is seen from all points within a great distance of the long celebrated "City of the Saints." The foundation of the city and cathedral has been ascribed to St. Patrick, and on grounds sufficiently satisfactory.

The schools, or colleges, also established here, became famous throughout Europe; and are said, upon safe authority, to have furnished England with its earliest teachers, having been, in fact, the small spring which supplied the healing waters of Christianity to the other British isles.

The comparatively humble church of St. Patrick vanished centuries ago; but upon the same site, time after time, sacred edifices have been erected. Early in the ninth century, the city and its cathedral were destroyed by the Danes; and as often as the inhabitants attempted to rebuild them, they received visits from their implacable enemies. There are records to prove that, between the ninth and the twelfth centuries, the city was, either partly or wholly, burned no fewer than seventeen times. The present cathedral owes its restoration—indeed, it may be almost said its creation—to the venerable primate Beresford; it was restored in 1836, and during subsequent years, by the architect Cottingham.

From Portadown to Belfast there is little to interest the Tourist, except



LISBURN.

that he skirts for a few miles the southern bank of Lough Neagh, and passes Lisburn, a pretty and flourishing town on the Antrim side of the

river Lagan. It consists principally of one long street; at the eastern end of which is the picturesque and interesting church, containing two very remarkable monuments, one to the memory of Lieutenant Dobbs, who was killed in an engagement off the coast with the famous Paul Jones; the other to that of the great and good Jeremy Taylor, sometime Bishop of Down and Connor, who died here in the year 1667.

ROM Lisburn, the distance to Belfast is eight English miles. As the Tourist approaches the only great manufacturing town in Ireland—alas, that it should be so!—its peculiar character becomes apparent. It is something new to perceive, rising above the houses, numerous tall

and thin chimneys, indicative of industry, occupation, commerce, and prosperity, the volumes of smoke that issue from them giving unquestionable tokens of full occupation; while its vicinity to the ocean removes at once all idea that the labour is unwholesome, or the labourers unhealthy. The pleasant and cheering impression is

increased as he treads the streets: there is so much bustle; such an "aspect" of business; a total absence of all suspicion of idleness; such unerring evidence of ample, continual, and general employment; so many proofs of activity—results of past, and anticipations of future, success—that the contrast between this town and the towns of the south will startle him, making him for the moment believe he is in a clean Manchester, where hearty breezes sweep into the neighbouring sea all the impurities usually inseparable from a concourse of factories. And this notion is not evanescent. It is, perhaps, the healthiest manufacturing town in the kingdom; although densely populated, there is far less wretchedness in its lanes and alleys, and about its suburbs, than elsewhere in Ireland; the main streets are wide and regularly built; it contains a large number of public edifices; the vicinity is remarkably picturesque; the mountains are sufficiently near to produce pictorial effect, and the open ocean is within a few miles of its quays. The

situation of Belfast is therefore most auspicious. It is a new town, and has a new look. It is an improving town, and signs of improvement, recent and progressing, are everywhere apparent.

But, although a "new town," it would appear that some importance was attached to it at a very remote period, for it is mentioned by Spenser as among the "good towns and strongholds" destroyed, in 1315, by Edward Bruce; and the "castle of Belfast" was twice converted to a ruin, in 1503 and in 1512, by the Lord Deputy Kildare. Until the end of the sixteenth century, however, it was "without the English Pale," and in possession of the Irish clans. In 1612, it was granted, by James I., to Sir Arthur Chichester. ancestor to the Marquis of Donegal, elevated into a corporation, and commenced its progress to importance. Yet, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, its rank was only that of a small garrison town, "dependent on Carrickfergus." A map of the town published in 1660 gives the names of but five streets and five rows, which consisted of one hundred and fifty houses; so late as 1720, all the houses in one of the principal streets were thatched with straw; in 1757, it contained no more than "1779 houses and 8549 people;" in 1779, Arthur Young estimates the number of the inhabitants at 15,000, "who," he adds, "make the place appear lively and busy;" but even this estimate was exaggerated, for, in 1782, the number of houses was only 2026, and the inhabitants no more than 13,105; and in 1791, the population amounted only to 18,320. In 1816, the town contained 5578 houses and 30,720 inhabitants; in 1821, the population was 44,177; and in 1834, it had increased to upwards of 60,000, the houses "above the annual value of five pounds" being 6223. The population, at present, including the suburbs of Ballymacarret, is about 110,000: the number of "inhabited houses" being upwards of 14,000. Probably the old world does not supply another instance of growth so rapid and so substantial.*

^{*} Beifast, a maritime town and parliamentary borough, the capital of Ulster, the chief manufacturing and commercial town of Ireland, and, since 1850, the county town of Antrim, chiefly in Antrim county, 101 miles north of Dublin, lat. 54° 36′ 85′ N., long. 5° 55′ 53°.7′ W., comprising an area of 1872 acres, including 576 acres in the suburb of Ballymacarret, county Down; of this area, 1542 are within, and 330 without, the municipal boundary. Population in 1834, Established Church, 16,388; Roman Catholics, 19,712; Presbyterians, 23,576; other persuasions, 1137; total

The fair fame of its merchants seems to have been acquired early, the name of Belfast appearing in the first rank in the scale of credit of the several commercial towns of Europe on the Exchange of Amsterdam, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, when scarcely a hundred years had elapsed after the plantation of Ulster. This "good repute" they have maintained without interruption. It has kept pace with their prosperity.

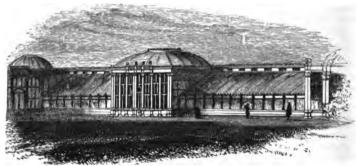
In Belfast there are many excellent public buildings, and numerous institutions for charity and for the promotion of knowledge. The high tone which literature and science have given to its people, have, as it were, created a somewhat peculiar class; for knowledge elevates while it improves; and a large proportion of the merchants and manufacturers of Felfast are "gentry" in the most emphatic sense of the term; education, and a thirst for learning, having, in a remarkable degree, prevented the sordid habits too frequently engendered by trade.

The learned institutions of Belfast have been for a long time celebrated: no "schools" for disseminating knowledge have been more successful than the Belfast Academic Institution and the Belfast Academy—the former incorporated in 1810; the latter established so far back as 1780. These,

60.813; in 1841, 75.308; inhabited houses, 10.906. In 1851 the population was 99.660, being an increase of 24,352; the number of inhabited houses was 13,965; and the number of families 20,553. The town is about twelve miles from the sea, at the mouth of the Lagan, which bounds it on the S.E., and flows immediately into Belfast Lough, which is twelve miles in length, and five in breadth at the entrance, gradually narrowing as it approaches the town. The river Lagan, which separates the counties of Antrim and Down, is crossed by three bridges and a boat ferry; the Queen's Bridge, built of granite, on the site of the old long bridge, which had twenty-one arches, is a splendid structure. Belfast is built on an alluvial deposit, and lies low, the greater portion being not more than six feet above high sea level; yet, on account of its geographical position, it is healthy. The Tidal Harbour Commissioners, in their Second Report (Session 1846), describe Belfast as "the first town in Ireland in enterprise and commercial prosperity," and "second only to Dublin as a port." Its places of worship are, of the Established Church, 9; Presbyterians, 21; Independents, 1; Methodists, 8; Quakers, 1; Roman Catholics, 4. Its educational establishments are, the Royal Academical Institution, founded in 1810, by a voluntary subscription of £26,000; it comprises two large schools and a school of design,—the Belfast Academy, founded in 1780—the School of Design, established by Government in 1849, and endowed with £600 per annum, in addition to local subscriptions—the Lancasterian School is now converted into a "Ragged" School, the first established in Ireland-twenty-eight National Schools in the town and its vicinity, having 4334 pupils in September, 1848,—and numerous private seminaries for pupils of both sexes, The new Queen's College was opened in October, 1849, and is adjacent to the Botanic Garden. - Thom's Almanack.

however, have been in a measure set aside by the establishment of "the Queen's College." It is an institution for which the "public" of the great commercial capital may well be thankful, for it educates youth under the best of all possible auspices. It was built from the designs of Mr. Lanyon, C.E., and is a handsome and convenient structure. The college is one of three colleges in Ireland—in Cork, in Galway, and in Belfast. The letters patent incorporating these colleges were issued in December, 1845; at the same time, the presidents and vice-presidents were appointed: the professors were appointed in August, 1849, and the colleges were opened in the October of that year. Besides the president, there are in each college twenty professors (the vice-president being one), also a registrar, a bursar (or treasurer), and a librarian.

Another establishment of high importance to the rising generation of Belfast, is the Government School of Design, established there in 1849-50. It is flourishing under the judicious care of a most intelligent master, and with the patronage of several of the principal gentry and merchants of the vicinity. Especially it is indebted to its president, Lord Dufferin, who has manifested anxiety for its advancement, and by whose fostering aid it has achieved many of the objects for which it was formed.



THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

The visitor to Belfast will not fail to spend an hour in the Botanic Garden.

Under the care of an excellent, tasteful, and experienced curator, a pictorial effect has been given to every portion of the place; and, although its scientific arrangements are said to be faultless, they in no degree impair the elegance of the garden. The conservatories are formed after the most recent improvements, and the principal one may be regarded as a perfect model. We engrave a portion of one of these, which will suffice to show the general character of the work.

Although a plain building, the Linen Hall is an interesting structure, from its close connexion with the staple manufacture and trade of Belfast.



THE LINEN HALL.

It is, then, impossible for us to overrate the growing importance of Belfast.* We have no intention to enter at much length into a history of

^{*} The harbour was originally only a creek of the port of Carrickfergus; but on the purchase of the privilege by the Crown, in 1637, the Custom House for the district was established here. It is an old building, badly situated, and will shortly be superseded by one more in harmony with the great and increasing trade of the port. Prior to 1839, large vessels had to lie in the pool or

the great—indeed, strictly speaking, the only—manufacture of Ireland, but some observations in reference to it are indispensable in treating of "the North," and, in especial, the great outlet for its linen produce—Belfast.

From the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, the manufacture of linen has, unquestionably, existed in Ireland; linen having been the material of the saffron-coloured shirts which formed the national costume of the native Irish. Nor was "Erin's yellow vesture" soon abandoned. In the reign of Elizabeth, we are told by Sir John Davis, the northern chieftains presented themselves at court in this characteristic "uniform."

It would seem, however, that it was not until after the final conquest and plantation of Ulster, that linen became an article of export. In the reign of Charles I. we find the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, to whom Belfast, and Ulster in general, owes no little gratitude, exerting himself, with his usual energy, in the promotion of the manufacture. For this purpose, he caused flax-seed to be brought from Holland, and induced spinners and manufacturers, from the Netherlands and France, to settle in Ireland. Nay, so warmly did he enter into the matter, that he himself embarked in the business, and expended in it 30,000% of his private fortune.

basin of Garmoyle, four miles from the town, but in 1840, a new channel was formed, having nine feet water at low tides, which has proved a great convenience to the steamers and other vessels frequenting the port. The effect of this improvement is the great addition to the tonnage, it having increased from 445,537 tons, in 1845, to 650,938 tons in 1851. Vessels drawing sixteen feet water can now come up in neap tides, and those drawing eighteen feet in spring tides. The improvements of the port, which, with all matters connected with traffic by sea, are under the management of the Harbour Commissioners, established by statute in 1831, and elected by the ratepayers, are of very great extent, having cost £506,312, raised in local loans on the security of the harbour dues. The quays extend in a continuous line from the Queen's Bridge on both sides of the river to the commencement of the New Cut. They were originally private property, but have been purchased by the Harbour Board. Formerly, vessels could only discharge on the north side, which is now reserved for steamers and ships in the foreign trade; colliers and vessels in the coasting trade being accommodated on the south side, called Queen's Quay, where there is a coal exchange and coal factors' offices and yards. There are two docks-Prince's and Clarendonwhich latter is reserved for foreign shipping. In the process of deepening the channel, three islands have been formed; the largest, named Queen's Island, has been planted and laid out in public walks, and a building of iron and glass erected within it for holding bazaars, &c. On one of these islands, two and a half miles from the town, a powder magazine is about being built. In 1825, the net income of the port was only £6000; in 1845 it amounted to £17,854; in 1846, to £19.213; and in 1851, to £30,759.—Thom's Almanack.

The civil commotions which immediately ensued frustrated for a time the designs of the noble linen-merchant. They were not, however, destined to prove utterly fruitless. After the Restoration had insured something of tranquillity, they were again adopted and acted upon, during the second vice-royalty of the Duke of Ormond. This nobleman sent persons into the Netherlands to render themselves acquainted with the best modes of raising flax, and also procured manufacturers from Brabant, France, and Jeney. So successful were these and other measures of Ormond, that on his quitting the government of Ireland, in 1669, the linen trade may be said to have been fully established.

Soon after, the progress of the manufacture received an aditional impulse from the settlement in the north—under the auspices of Government—of a body of French refugees, compelled to abandon their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By these, the manufacture of damask and cambric was successfully introduced, and important improvements were effected in the growth of flax, and the bleaching and preparation of linen.

At present the annual value of the linen cloth maunfactured in Ulster cannot be less than £4,000,000 sterling. The number of persons employed in all branches of the manufacture is above 170,000; we may safely assert, that 500,000 derive their subsistence from it. The annual amount of wages may be calculated at £1,200,000; and the total capital employed, in all branches of the business, is estimated at £5,000,000 sterling.*

^{*} Belfast is the nucleus of the Irish linen manufacture, and the country spinners and manufacturers meet those of the town on Fridays, in the Commercial Buildings, which is the public Exchange. This trade is now in a flourishing condition and rapidly increasing. In 1838, there were fifty steam-engines of 1274 horse power: of these, eleven were erected in 1838, seventeen in 1835-6-7, ten between 1830 and 1834, and twelve between 1806 and 1827; all employed in spinning linen or cotton yarn, in weaving, bleaching, and dyeing, &c. In 1841 there were twenty-five spinning-mills in Antrim and Down, and forty-eight in all Ireland, numbering 248,000 spindles. There are now in the town and vicinity thirty-three mills, and in all Ireland eighty-two, numbering 510,000 spindles. Those in the town are all worked by steam power, and employ 17,800 hands; findustry are linen and muslim weaving, iron founding on an extensive scale, and bleaching. There are also print works, flour mills, chemical works, oil mills, alabaster and barilla m lls, saw mills, breweries, distilleries, several tan yards, a patent felt manufactory, &c., five large ship yards, with a patent slip, and yards for manufacturing ropes and sail-cloth.—Thom's Almanack.



Linen is made from the fibrous bark of the flax plant (Linum usitatissimum) which grows to the height of three to four feet. As it produces a pretty blue flower, the fields where it is grown present a very gay appearance at the period of flowering. When the flower falls off the seed-vessels are quickly formed, but are not allowed in general to come to maturity, as the plant is pulled when the stalk is still a little greenish, it having been found by experience that by this means a finer description of flax is produced.

Some of the mills for spinning are on a very large scale, employing from five hundred to a thousand persons, and having an investiture of capital of from £50,000 to £100,000. It is calculated that in all there are about seventy-five mills in the North of Ireland for the spinning of flax into the yarn for manufacturing linen—the total capital employed by them being close upon four millions of money.* We procured an engraving of one of the best of these mills; it may be desirable to convey an idea of the character of these structures, and we, therefore, introduce it among the illustrations to this work.

^{*} We extract the following interesting particulars from a recent number (1852) of the Times newspaper:—"In Ireland we find that the first spinning factory was established at Cork, 1 (5), and consisted of only 212 spindles, sdapted for canvas yarns. The Linen Board, by a bounty of 30s. per spindle, succeeded in causing the establishment of several others, which, in 1809, in the aggregate contained 6369 spindles. In 1815 there were in Ulster five mills, the largest having 1204 and the smallest 300 spindles—in Leinster two mills, and in Munster seven, only one of which was in full operation, owing to the depression of trade at that period. The necessity,

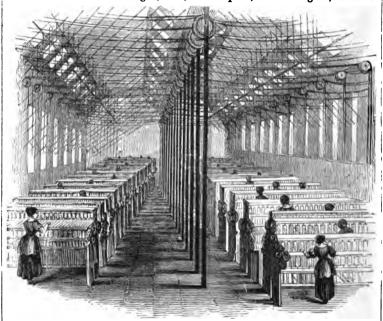
The yarn produced in these mills is bought by persons called manufacturers, who employ weavers to convert the linen yarn into the various fabrics of linen, damask, and cambric.



A SPINNING MILL, BELFAST.

however, of increasing these spinning machines was shown in 1825, when English and Scotch machine-spun yarns began to be imported into Ireland, and completely undersold the handspun product. These yarns were produced by an improved system termed "wet spinning," the fibre, during the process of twisting, being passed through hot water. By this mode, invented by Kaye, of Manchester, it could be spun much finer, and by degrees, aided by continuing improvements, the quality and fineness of the yarn were so much changed, and the economy of labour so much attended to, that the handspun yarns were completely superseded, except for fine cambrics. The first factory of any magnitude on this improved system was established in Ireland in 1828, others

The interior of these mills, generally, is exceedingly neat and orderly. Of one of the best arranged, and, so to speak, most "elegant," formed



INTERIOR OF A MILL.

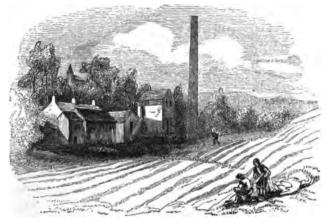
soon adopted it, and new ones sprang up. In 1841 we find there were forty-one mills, containing 280,000 spindles; in 1850 the number had increased to seventy-three mills, with 339,000 spindles; and in 1852 there are not less than eighty-one mills, having about 500,000 spindles in operation, representing an amount of capital invested in buildings, machinery, and in the necessary commercial operations, of between three and four millions sterling. About two-thirds of the mills are situate at Belfast and its vicinity, which, being the centre of the linen trade, and possessing great advantages in respect to the supply of skilled labour and cheapness of fuel, is considered preferable as a locality to the more rural districts. After the employmen tof machinery for spinning, the linen manufacture appeared gradually to withdraw from the south and west, and to concentrate itself in the north, where the spinning factories were principally situate. With the exception of Drogheda, and, to a small extent, Cork and Mayo, scarcely any lineus are now made beyond the boundaries of Ulster."

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upon the most recent improvement, we procured a drawing, an engraving of which may interest our readers.

The latest progress in the preparation of linen-cloth—that of bleaching—will be found very interesting.

In order to bring linen-cloth to a perfectly white state, it is necessary (besides subjecting it to the action of "chemicals") to expose it for a length of time to the action of the atmosphere. This is done by spreading it on the grass, on which it is kept extended. The situation chosen for the bleach-green is



BLEACHING GROUND.

generally the banks of a river where an abundance of water can be obtained. Here a large space, of some acres in extent, is often covered with linen-cloth in various stages of the process of bleaching, part brown, part half-white, and part rivalling the snow in dazzling purity. The buildings connected with these bleach-greens are generally whitewashed, and kept scrupulously clean; and in the districts where they most abound they give to the country a gay and cheerful appearance.

On the banks of "the Six-mile Water," which pours its tribute into

Lough Neagh, are the bleaching-grounds and warehouses of W. Chaine, Esq., which rank among the most extensive in Ireland.

We had never seen pastoral beauty so happily combined with the beauty of industry as in this prosperous and "picturesque" establishment—a "series" of factories, which, as it were, "dot" the banks of the gushing river. The high-road traveller, much as he may admire the wide-spreading bleach-greens, the taste and elegance of the various residences in their immediate neighbourhood, the clean, well-dressed, homely and happy appearance of the inhabitants, can form no idea of the graceful recesses of this sylvan spot. It is unrivalled in its way—trees, rocks, banks, and paths screened from the sun, and terminating in vistas revealing the fine country beyond; while at your feet the waters rush to their trained courses, and set at work the machinery of those mighty mills—mills which owe their existence to the clear, vigorous, and benevolent mind, and steady persevering industry of one of Ireland's truest friends—a man who, in truth, answers to the character of the "Man of Ross," in all things but his poverty:—

"Him, portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blessed;
The young who labour and the old who rest."

It would be impossible to describe the varied yet continued beauty of this scene; the river twists in the most fantastic manner; and Mr. Chaine has availed himself not only of the best water power, but has erected his bleaching machinery where it least disturbs the aspect of the whole. In general, manufacturers care little or nothing for the picturesque; as long as the mechanism that enriches proceeds prosperously, they are heedless of injury inflicted on river or mountain; but this good man venerates Nature, and instead of outraging either her form or her laws, he wiles her into partnership with what is useful and beneficial in art and manufacture.

Belfast is a sort of ecclesiastical metropolis for the Presbyterians, being the place where their synods usually meet, where the greatest amount of wealth and talent is to be found connected with their body, and from which their periodical and other publications generally issue; we may, therefore, offer some notice of that important portion of the population of Ireland.

It is well known that the Reformation at first made very slow progress in Ireland; and that, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, a number of sees were still occupied by Roman Catholic dignitaries. But, even in the sixteenth century, members of the Scottish church were to be found in Ireland, and some of them at an early period were promoted to influential and honourable offices. Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, the estates of some of the Irish nobles who had been engaged in treasonable practices were forfeited, and a considerable part of six of the northern counties, then placed at the disposal of the crown, was "planted," under the patronage of King James I., with colonists from Scotland, by whom Presbyterianism was introduced into Ulster, and soon obtained a firm footing in the country. These Scotch settlers have changed the external as well as the religious aspect of the northern province. About two centuries ago, it was the most barbarous, uncivilised, and wretched portion of Ireland; it has become the most peaceable, enlightened, and prosperous.

In 1688 the Irish Presbyterians, to a man, espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, with the utmost promptitude and decision; and after the revolution their ministers received a grant of money from the crown, which, in different forms, has been continued to the present day, under the name of *Regium Donum.**

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Belfast is varied and picturesque. The bold range of mountains, stretching northward of the town, and skirting the western side of the valley of the Lagan, contrasts strongly with the fertility of the valley itself, and the rich cultivation of the opposite hills of Down. From these mountains the views are, for the most part, strikingly beautiful. We would notice particularly that from Mc Art's Fort on the summit of the Cave Hill, the most eastern of the chain, which almost overhangs the town, and towers, with imposing effect, over the road to Carrick-

^{*} The annual salary now paid out of the Treasury to those Presbyterian ministers who receive Regium Donum is seventy-five pounds "Irish currency." In addition to this, the pastors receive for their maintenance, from the people, a stipend varying, according to the cumstances of the congregation, from £35 to £400 a year.

fergus. The fort, an ancient stronghold of a sept cruelly exterminated by Mountjoy, in the reign of Elizabeth, occupies the highest point of a range of precipitous cliffs, in the face of which the caves are hollowed, which give name to the mountain. Almost at its foot is the town, and beyond stretches the fertile county of Down, intersected by the Lough of Strangford, with its numerous islets; to the right lies the valley of the Lagan, bordered by the other members of the chain, the horizon being bounded by the mountains of Mourne. In the opposite direction, the eye rests on the waters of the Lough, the Carrickfergus district of Antrim, and the northern shores of Down, while, in the extreme distance, the hills of Scotland are dimly visible. To the north-west of the mountain, though unseen from this point, lies the vast sheet of Lough Neagh.

Connected with Belfast, or rather with the country adjacent to it, is another manufacture, which has gradually arisen "out of nothing" to become of immense magnitude, and of truly national importance—we mean the fabric usually called "ladies' work." Its seat is still principally around Strangford Lough, although it has spread through the whole of the county of Down, indeed, through the entire of the north, and (although, as yet, partially) to the southern and western districts of Ireland. In the north this ladies' work is known only as "sewed muslin." We extract some interesting particulars concerning it from a paper read by Mr. Holden before the British Association, when its meeting took place, in 1852, in Belfast:—

"The sewed muslin trade was first introduced into Ireland between the years 1800 and 1810, but it generally made little progress until the decennial period, 1820 to 1830, the employment being comparatively limited in extent, and the manufacturers confining their productions to a few articles, such as collars, trimmings, robes, and baby linens. One of the circumstances which first gave a decided impulse to this manufacture was the introduction of machinery for spinning linen yarn, which had formerly been spun exclusively by the hand. This change left the females of Ireland almost without any source of employment. Under these trying circumstances, the women and girls of the country anxiously availed themselves of the means of obtaining a livelihood by working at embroidery, and although

a partial prejudice existed against it at first, it soon became quite evident that it would ultimately more than compensate for the loss of their former occupation. Few changes tended to benefit the trade more than the introduction of lithographic printing (about the years 1830 to 1835), instead of the former tedious and expensive system of block printing. Each block cost from 3s. 6d. for the cheapest, to £6 and £7 for the more expensive patterns. Now, any pattern may be drawn and printed in a few hours, in endless varieties of style, at the cost of as many shillings as they formerly cost pounds. One great disadvantage under which manufacturers in Belfast formerly laboured was the difficulty of selling their goods in a finished state at a profit: a prejudice existed on the part of buyers against Irish goods, and so far was this feeling carried out, that they were almost excluded from the London market, owing to the very low prices obtained there. this cause their productions were mostly sold in a grey or unbleached state to the Glasgow manufacturers, who afterwards bleached and resold them in a finished state; but about the year 1840, several additional persons commenced the trade in Belfast, who bleached and finished their goods as in Glasgow. This course has at length happily resulted in the removal of all prejudice against Irish goods, and since the fact has become known that about nineteen-twentieths of the goods sold in Glasgow are manufactured in Ireland, and the rapidly improving quality and value of Irish goods has been thoroughly tested, home and foreign buyers visit Belfast to make purchases, as frequently as they go to Glasgow for that purpose. of manufacture in this kingdom has made such rapid progress during the last fifteen years, or has afforded more valuable employment. In Ulster. and westwards, the embroidery trade has become almost universal, and is at present giving more or less employment to at least a quarter of a million of individuals. The wages paid for working vary in amount, depending in some degree on the prosperity of the trade or otherwise. Young and inexperienced workers cannot earn more than 6d. to 1s. per week, while the more expert and experienced workers will earn 4s. to 5s., and 6s. per week; and a few first-class hands can occasionally earn 10s. per week. The amount annually paid for labour alone, exclusive of materials,

may be with safety estimated at £500,000 to £600,000, which is distributed in a shape the most useful and beneficial to the happiness of a people, the females being almost invariably employed in their own homes, under the eyes of their parents and friends, and they can thus obtain a livelihood by their own industry without endangering their morals. Much good has lately been effected by establishing training-schools in the several localities where the work is being newly introduced. Competent teachers are employed to instruct beginners, who retain the pupils under their control until they are able to pronounce them fit workers of a first or second class rate."

It is impossible to overrate the value to Ireland of the introduction of this branch of industry, which employs, in fact, one-fourth of the females of the north of Ireland; and is gradually spreading its happy and merciful influence into other parts of the county.

A drive of some twenty miles into the country, and beside Strangford



DUNDRUM CASTLE.

Lough, will familiarise the Tourist with some of its leading peculiarities—of modern improvements and ancient remains. Foremost among the latter is

Dundrum Castle: it was dismantled by order of Cromwell, having been a famous stronghold of the Irish.

A few miles farther north, and we arrive at the very ancient and venerable town of Downpatrick—venerable not alone because of its antiquity; here were interred the mortal remains of the great patron saint of Ireland—St. Patrick. The town is built upon a group of small hills, on the southeast shore of Strangford Lough. Its corporate rank was recognised as far back as 1403; but its date is probably much more remote.



CATHEDRAL-DOWNPATRICK.

Its leading object of attraction is the cathedral, a modern structure. Its site, however, is that of one of the most ancient edifices in Ireland. In

the old cathedral church were the tombs of St. Patrick, its founder, St. Bridget, and St. Colomb; their tombs had, it is said, this distich, in old monkish verse, "writ over them,"—

- " Hi tres in Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno, Brigida, Patritius, atque Columba pius."
- " One tomb three saints contains, one vault below Does Bridget, Patrick, and Columba show."

The ancient church and its renowned monument were destroyed by the Lord Deputy, Leonard de Grey, A.D. 1538, and the act of vandalism formed one of the articles exhibited against him when he was impeached: he was subsequently beheaded. Cambrensis thus records the event:—"He rased St. Patrike his church in Doune, an old auncient citie of Ulster, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to have been there entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie, alwaies



KILLCLIFF CASTLE.

after detesting and abhorring his prophane tyrannie, as they did name it."
The article which lays this crime to his charge thus runneth:—

"Item, that without any warrant from the King or Councell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike in Doune, turning it to a stable, after plucked it doune, and stript the notable ring of bels that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have sent them to England, had not God of His justice prevented his iniquitie by sinking the vessell and passengers wherein the said belles should have beene conveid."

Strangford Lough, which stretches from Downpatrick almost to the northern border of the county, is in reality an arm of the sea, the entrance to which is, however, remarkably narrow, being somewhat less than a mile,

although the breadth of the Lough is in most parts above five miles: the length from north to south being about seventeen miles. It contains a vast number of islands, some so small as to be mere dots, others comprising above 100 acres. The lake is indeed popularly said to contain 365 islands—one for each day of the year.* Along the whole of its borders, north, south, east, and west, are the ruins of numerous castles, strongholds of the early Anglo-Norman settlers, who maintained themselves for so long a period,



AUDLEY CASTLE.

surrounded by cunning and brave enemies, whom they had "come to spoil:" these "handfuls" of courageous strangers were therefore compelled to keep

[•] It is singular the partiality which the Irish peasantry frequently exhibit for this idea: there are several other lakes in Ireland to which it is attached; and mountains are often met with from which 365 "strames" are said to issue.

"watch and ward," at all seasons, in or about their "strong houses of stone." Among the most interesting and characteristic of these ruins, are those of Killcliff and Audley Castles, pictured on preceding pages.

Another interesting structure, and one of a very olden time, has been

also permitted to fall into decay. It is the church built in Newtown by the first of the Montgomeries. Of the exterior - the ancient doorway, so elaborately embellished — we procured sketch; the interior is used as a sessions-house. were given to understand that, although a fine and beautiful example of architecture, no attempt whatever has been made to preserve it from sinking into The Montgomeries. ancient lords of this district, were the descendants of that Montgomery who accidentally killed Henry II., of France, at a tournament. Some years after the



DOORWAY AT NEWTOWN.

sad event, which was confessedly a mischance, he was taken by Catherine of Medicis, put to the torture and beheaded; with the additional penalty of having his children degraded to villanage; on his way to execution, he pronounced this noble and memorable sentence, in reference to the punishment inflicted on his children, "If they have not the virtue to raise themselves again, I consent to their degradation."

The town of Newtown-Ards, and the country adjacent to it, along the

banks of Strangford Lough, is the property of the Marquis of Londonderry. It would be difficult to find a better managed estate, or more flourishing farmers, in the most prosperous of the English counties. The county of Down is pre-eminent for good landlords, and the Marquis of Londonderry ranks among the best of them. We encountered only admirably constructed farmhouses, well furnished with barns and byres, corn-fields and pasture lands, the natural richness of which had been enhanced by industry and well-applied science; every dwelling bore numerous tokens of comfort; every peasant looked cheerful and happy; and we found, by after-inquiry, that these signs of prosperity were not merely superficial, but that the noble owner of the soil, and his agents, under his directions, invariably act upon the principle of "live and let live."

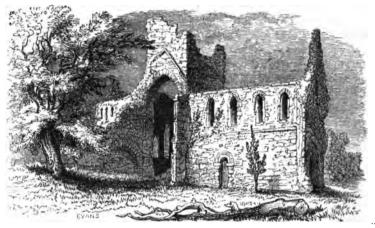
A ruin of much interest is that of the old monastery of Moville—a monastery of the Augustine friars; once very richly endowed, and said to have been originally founded by a St. Finian, son of Ultach, king of Ulster.



MOVILLE MONASTERY.

Still more interesting are the ruins of Grey Abbey. It was founded for

Cistercian monks, by Africa, the wife of Sir John de Courcy, and daughter of Godfred, King of the Isle of Man, A.D. 1193. It was destroyed by the army of O'Neil, in the great rebellion of 1641, and was never afterwards repaired. The ruins are now grown over with ivy, which gives them an awful appearance. The cells, dormitories, and other buildings for the uses of the

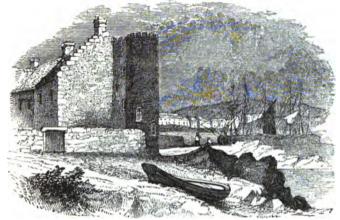


GREY ABBEY.

family, are fallen in; only enough remaining to trace out the compass of ground which the whole structure took up. The vicinity of these ruins is beautiful and picturesque; the residence of the heir of the Montgomeries immediately adjoins them; and a pretty little temple has been erected on the grounds, in order to afford accommodation to visitors; the place being, as it ought to be, in high favour with the townspeople of Belfast, who occasionally luxuriate in the delicious neighbourhood.

The Tourist in this direction will assuredly visit Donaghadee, a neat and prosperous town, only twenty-two miles distant from Portpatrick, in Scotland. Its natural harbour is enclosed by piers, and furnished with a lighthouse. From Donaghadee, he will proceed to Bangor, a famous "city of

the saints," in old times. It is said to have been founded A.D. 555, by St. Comgall, who established here an abbey of regular canons; the fame of its learning was scread throughout Europe; and its school—which "St. Car-



BANGOR CASILE,

thagus directed"—became so celebrated, that it was resorted to by students from all parts of the world; nay, according to some writers, it was the germ out of which arose Oxford; for when King Alfred "founded or restored that university, he sent to the great school of Bangor for professors." "It hath even been controverted," says the writer of the Down Survey, "whether the arch-heretic Pelagius was of this Bangor, or of Bangor in Wales. But we shall cheerfully give him up to whoever thinks him worth claiming."

Early in the ninth century the establishment was subjected to the merciless visitations of the Danes, who, it is said, in the year 818, massacred the abbot and above nine hundred of the monks; the total number of monks who were at that period residing there being "about three thousand." The old castle of Bangor stands upon the quay; it is in good condition, and retains tokens of huge strength.

Inn.

the northern coast" to the Giant's Causewav-the Tourist will proceed (by railway) to Antrim town, in order to examine several interesting objects in its neighbourhood: or, if he prefer visiting the Causeway by the inland route, and returning by the coast road, he will proceed from Belfast to Antrim, from Antrim to Ballymena (by railway), then to Ballymony car), and thence to Coleraine, or direct to the Causeway The town of Antrim is about fifteen miles north-west of Belfast. on the north-east border of Lough Neagh. It is small, and of no

ROM Belfast-previous to his tour along

particular note, its population being probably under one thousand. One of the most perfect of the round towers stands in its immediate vicinity, in the grounds of G. J. Clark, Esq. It is ninety-three feet in height, and about fifty-three feet in circumference at the base. The cap was shattered by lightning in the year 1822, and was replaced by another, upon the precise model of the ancient one; the broken pieces of which are carefully preserved. The tower is built of rough stone, and above the doorway is a sculpture, in basso relievo, resembling a Maltese cross. A flooring of stone, on a level with the entrance, was removed a few years ago; but nothing was found underneath—search was made in vain for any signs of sepulchral purposes.

Immediately adjoining the town of Antrim is Antrim Castle, the seat of Viscount Massareene and Ferrard. It is a fine old castellated mansion. abundant in elegant comforts, and famous to-day, as it has long been, for the hospitality of its estimable lord and lady. The gardens and grounds which surround the castle are peculiarly attractive—laid out in the style of Louis Quinze: long walks through graceful avenues, terminated by fair vistas: and broad water canals and mimic lakes, environed by lofty walks of close

and formally cut lime-trees, are here the prevailing objects of interest and beauty, the value of which is much augmented by finely-grown forest trees. The whole scene exhibits the influence of pure taste, and a refined feeling for the beautiful in nature and in art.



MASSARKENE CASTLE,

Jutting out into the lake is Shane's Castle, the seat of Lord O'Neil, the representative of a family whose origin is of a most remote age,* and whose

* Tradition attributes the origin of the famous cognizance of the O'Neils—the red hand—to the following circumstance:—In an ancient expedition for the conquest of Ireland, the leader of it declared that whoever of his followers first touched the shore should possess the territory. One of them, the founder of the race who supplied Ulster with kings for centuries, coveting the reward, and seeing that another boat was likely to reach the land before him, seized an axe, and with it cut off his left hand, which he flung on shore, and so was the first to "touch" it. Hence a sinister hand, gules, became the armorial ensign of the province. The present peer is unmarried, and, we understand, is "the last of his line." Of the O'Neils there are, of course, many collateral branches, some occupying high places, others only "hewers of stone and drawers of water;" but the O'Neil has but one representative, and he is not likely to leave a successor. A head carved in stone is pointed out upon one of the walls of the ruined castle, concerning which there is a tradition that when it falls the race will be extinct. It is already loosened and tottering. Any attempt at a history of the family is out of the question; a mere outline of it would occupy a

name is intimately associated with every remarkable event that has occurred in Ulster, and indeed in Ireland, for many centuries. It is a comparatively modern building—now in ruins, having been burned by an accidental fire, in the year 1816. Several turrets and towers are still standing; and from their tops a fine view of the surrounding lake may be obtained.



SHANE'S CASTLE.

The accompanying engraving affords a correct idea of the present volume: but, in treating of the North, it is impossible to avoid the frequent introduction of the name:—

"Oh! quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou of the hundred fights!
Thou on whose burning tongue.
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute; but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell hew they lived and died,"

character of the interesting structure and the adjacent scenery. Shane's Castle has been for ages the chosen realm of the Banshee.*

> " How oft has the Banshee cried! How oft has death untied: Bright links that glory wove-Sweet bonds entwin'd by love!"

Here, from time to time, when evil threatened a member of the old race, her shriek was heard among the woods upon the shoreand now, along the ruined walls of the falling castle, echoed by the vaults underneath, and wailing through the nettled - covered graves of thousands who have borne the name



THE BANSHEE.

and followed their chieftains to the battle.

Banshee, Benshi, or Banshi, is the wildest and grandest of all the Irish superstitions. The spirit assumes the form of a woman, sometimes young,

* The literal meaning of the word is, "a female fairy," or spirit; and she was supposed to come always for the purpose of forewarning death, which she did by melancholy wailings. Most of the old families in Ireland were believed to have one of these spirits attending on them. The Banshee sometimes appears in the form of a young and beautiful woman arrayed in white; but more frequently as a frightful hag, and often as a mere "vox et præterea nihil," as invisible and exclusive as Echo. Night was the season generally chosen by the Banshee for her visits, as an ancient bard describes her thus :-F

but, more generally, very old; her long ragged locks float over her thin shoulders; she is usually attired in loose white drapery, and her duty upon earth is to warn the family upon whom she attends, of some approaching misfortune. This warning is given by a peculiarly mournful wail—at night;—a sound that resembles the melancholy sough of the wind, but having the tone of a human voice, and distinctly audible to a great distance. She is sometimes seen as well as heard; but her form is rarely visible except to the person upon whom she more especially waits. This person must be of an old stock—the representative of some ancient race; and him, or her, she never abandons, even in poverty or degradation.

Lough Neagh is the most extensive sheet of water in the British Islands.* It is, however, beautiful only upon its north-eastern borders, being elsewhere generally bare of trees. In the immediate neighbourhood of Antrim town it may vie, in parts, with the fairest of the southern lakes, while it possesses a grandeur exclusively its own. In this vicinity it is richly

"The Banshee mournful wails; In the midst of the silent lonely night, Plaintive she sings the song of death."

But she was sometimes supposed to be heard at noon, "when mid-day is silent around;" and then the voices of several of them were often heard together, coming on the ear like—

" Aery tongues, that syllable men's names On sand, and shore, and dessert wilderness."

 Lough Neagh is the largest lake in Great Britain, and is exceeded in size by few in Europe. It is formed by the confluence of the Blackwater, the Upper Bann, and five other rivers. The only outlet is the Lower Bann. It is about twenty miles in length, from north-east to south-west; about twelve miles in breadth from east to west; eighty miles in circumference, and comprises about 154 square miles; its greatest depth in the middle is forty-five feet. According to the Ordnance survey it is forty-eight feet above the level of the sea at low water, and contains 98,2551 statute acres, of which 50,025 are in Antrim; 27,3551 in Tyrone; 15,5561 in Armagh; 5,160 in Londonderry; and 138 in Down. From its height above the level of the sea, and other circumstances, serious plans have been proposed for draining the lake—or rather a considerable portion of it; hitherto, however, without effect. It has often been matter of surprise to visitors. that so fine a sheet of water has so little of the picturesque about it; but this is accounted for by the total absence of mountains. The Slievegallion chain in Tyrone, and the Belfast mountains in Antrim, are both at a considerable distance from its shores; and it contains only two or three small islands, which are merely the extremities of elevated ridges. It has not the slightest appearance of having ever been the crater of a volcano, as some have supposed. The Lough Neagh pebbles are well known, and are still numerous, though gathered in large quantities. Most of them are calcedony, cornelian, opal, or quartz.

wooded. The only islands it contains, excepting a very small one off the Armagh shore, are Ram's Island, consisting of no more than six acres, and Bird Island, being in extent somewhat less. It would be hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the former; nature had done much for it; and a few years ago, Lord O'Neil having built a cottage there, made it his occasional residence; all that art could effect to increase its attractions has been added to its original charms. Standing among trees of every possible variety, are the ruins of one of the mysterious round towers—calling forcibly to mind the ancient



BAM'S ISBAND.

but departed glories of the family; for this morsel of their vast possessions, and the small estate upon the mainland, are now nearly all that remain to them of the province of which they were kings in old times, and where,

during comparatively recent periods, they were lords whose "word was law." "Bonny Ram Island," as it is called in one of the songs of the peasantry, is seen from all parts of the lake; from the nearest point of land it is distant about two miles, and looks like a mass of dark foliage upon the surface of the water.

Lough Neagh is, however, indebted for its fame far less to its natural graces than to certain peculiarities—in the singularity of which it has no competitor. For many centuries it has been renowned for prodigies, some of which are not altogether fabulous. The poet has commemorated one of its marvels, and not without authority from sober History—*

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's declining, He sees the Round Towers of other days In the wave beneath him shining."

The legend, indeed, is by no means confined to this Ulster lake; but Lough Neagh has the distinction, pre-eminently, of rolling its waves over the "Long-faded glories they cover."

Although doubts may exist concerning these "dreams sublime" of poets and "historians," of the fact of "petrified" wood being found in large quantities in its immediate vicinity there is no question. Specimens of large size are to be seen in every house upon its northern borders (we understand it is rarely found along the southern and western shores); and some are preserved that weigh several hundred weight.† The subject engaged the early

*We may content ourselves with quoting the most ancient. The following passage we extract from Caxton's "History of England, Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland, tynyshed and emprynted at Westminstre by me, Wynkene de Worde, the yere of oure Lorde A. Accoc and four score and xvii.:"—"There is a Lake in Ulster and moche fysshe therein, whiche is xxx myles in lengthe and xv in brede. The Riuer Ban runneth out of the Lake into the North Ocean, and men say that this Lake began in this manner—there were men in this contre that were of evyle lyvinge..... and there was a wele in ye lande in grete reuerence of olde tyme and always couered, and yf it were left uncouered ye wele wolde ryse and drowne all the lande, and so id haped yd a woman wente to ye wele for to fetche water, and hyed her fasd to her childe yd wepd in ye cradele, and left ye wele uncouered—then ye wele sprynged so fastly yd drowned ye woman and her childe and made all ye contre a lake and fysshe ponde. For to prove this, it is a grete argument that when the weder is clere fysshers of yd water see in ye grounde under ye water rounde toweres and hyghe shapen steeples and churches of yd land."...

† In one of the Lectures on Natural Philosophy, delivered in Dublin in 1757, by Richard Barton, B.D., it is stated that "a petrifaction was found one mile from the mouth of the Crusalin attention of the naturalist; and in Dr. Boate's History it is treated at considerable length. He does not, indeed, go the length of the old writer from whose book we have already quoted, where the effects of the water are described as so terrific, that if a man walk into it "he shall never afterwards weare hose;" nor quite so far as "the learned physician, Anselm Boetius," who asserts, in his History of Stones and Gems, that "that part of the tree that is buried in the mud will become iron, that part touched by the water become stone, and that part above the water remain wood;" but he produces evidence that the process of converting wood into stone is of great rapidity;—among others, that of a gentleman who "a little before the rebellion (1541) cut down, for building a large holly-tree, but being diverted from his purpose, his timber lay on the ground in the place where it was felled, upon the banks of the Lough, all the miserable time of the war; till at last, the kingdom being settled, the gentleman went to look for his timber, and found the holly petrified."

At Antrim, the Tourist will be called upon to determine his route to the north: two routes are here before him for choice—as we have intimated—one will be by railroad through Ballymena; thence to Ballymony, by coach or car, and thence to Coleraine or the Causeway; the other by THE COAST, through Larne, Glenarm, and Ballycastle.

We shall describe the first briefly—a brief description only will be necessary—"firstly and lastly," because there is on this route little or nothing to see. The railway passes through Randalstown, skirting the northern bank of Lough Neagh, and makes the journey from Antrim to Ballymena in half an hour, the distance being fifteen miles. From Ballymena to Ballymony—distant some fifteen miles also—there are public conveyances, but the wisest mode is to engage a car, and, without delaying at Ballymony, to proceed to Coleraine (eight miles), or to the inn at Bushmills, or to the Causeway Inn. There are comfortable inns at all these places;

River; it was 700 lbs. weight; it is entirely stone, without any wood within it; it was found under a bank six feet high, almost buried in gravel raised three feet above the surface of the river. When the water was low, it appeared like the stump of an old tree; it had neither roots nor branches."

the Causeway Inn, as at present conducted, can accommodate seventy or eighty guests: and it is in all respects excellently managed.



ET the Tourist in search of the picturesque by all means pursue THE COAST ROAD, as infinitely preferable to the inland route. We pray him, therefore, to return to the junction between Antrim and Belfast, and enter the railway to Carrickfergus.

Carrickfergus is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, and has held for centuries a prominent place in the annals of the country. Its history is full of

of interest, for in all the wars of ages it has been made to play a conspicuous



CARRICKFERGUS.

part. Of the ancient fortifications, there still exist some interesting remains; the walls may be distinctly traced, and the "North Gate" is almost perfect. The town is said to have derived its name from "Carrig," a rock, and "Feargus," an Irish king, "famous for his skill in blasoning of armes," who was lost in a storm off the coast, some

three or four hundred years before the birth of Christ. The castle of Carrickfergus is one of the most perfect castles in Ireland; time has indeed added to its picturesque character, without impairing its strength.

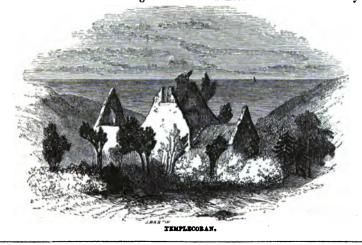
The town of Carrickfergus is neat and clean, and more than usually straggling; a considerable part of it is called the Scottish quarter, and, as will be supposed, the majority of its population are of Scottish descent. The tourist will have his attention directed to a stone on the quay—the stone

upon which William III. placed his foot on his first landing in Ireland.



KILBOOT.

The drive from Carrickfergus to Larne—a distance of nine miles—may



be considered the second stage along the coast from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway. It passes through the village of Eden to Kilroot—a parish once held for a short period by Dean Swift, and in the now ruined church of which he is "said to have preached." A still more interesting object, however, is the dilapidated remains of the ancient church of Templecoran, in the village of Ballcarry. Here the first Presbyterian church in Ireland was planted.

Passing through the beautiful and interesting village of Glynn, near which are perceptible the effects of a singular "land-slip," we arrive at the town of Larne. A glance at the map will show that, on the other side of the creek, for a distance of several miles, runs the long and narrow peninsula of "Island Magee." It extends about seven miles from north to south, along the coast opposite to Ayrshire, and is in few places more than two miles in breadth. The inhabitants are all of Scottish descent, and are still "thoroughly Scotch" in dialect, manners, and customs.

Being off the high road, or coast road, from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, few tourists turn aside to examine it, the approaches being in some degree inconvenient, and the situation insular. Yet, in its scenery,



THE GOBBINS-ISLAND MAGEE.

bays, headlands, and caves, it is highly interesting, independently of the objects it presents in great variety to the geologist and naturalist, and, in some respects, to the antiquary. On the east side are "the Gobbins."

one of the loftiest headlands on the north coast, extending from north to

south nearly two miles. Here, and in the interior, the columnar pillars, so remarkable at the Causeway, are occasionally and very distinctly seen.

The town of Larne has little to recommend it. In its immediate vicinity, however, are the remains of the castle of Olderfleet, situated on the extremity of the Curraan, a small and narrow peninsula, so called from the Irish word carran, a reaping-hook—the form of which it resembles. It was at this spot that Edward Bruce landed in 1315. He was soon afterwards slain in "a fight" near Dundalk.



OLDERFLEET CASTLE.

At Larne may be said to commence the magnificent coach-road to the Causeway; for, hitherto, although the prospect is occasionally grand, and often beautiful, he will have seen nothing of the sublime character of the scenery of "the north"—nothing at least in comparison to that which must be encountered as he progresses towards the great northern boundary of the island.

To the town of Glenarm the distance is ten miles. We pass for awhile through a tame and thinly populated country; but soon the prospect opens;

the ocean, kept back by mighty barriers from the land, and soaring in gigantic masses of foam high into the air, as the waves rush against the black rocks that line the shore, forming the great feature of the rugged coast—thus encompassed in its lonely grandeur. After travelling a "rough road up hill and down dale" for about two miles, we enter the "new line," which continues all along the way to Glenarm, and for a long distance beyond it—a road perhaps unparalleled in the kingdom; not alone for its picturesque beauty, but for the difficulties, apparently insurmountable, which have been completely overcome in order to form it.

On the road, the Tourist will be tempted to turn off, to obtain a view from one of the heights. On a clear day, he will very distinctly see the white houses in Scotland; even the small sea-boats may be noticed along its



THE MAIDENS.

coast; while, a few miles distant from the Irish shore, and seeming to be almost within reach, are the once dangerous rocks "the Maidens"—the Syrens of this rugged coast—where many a brave vessel has gone down.

The town of Glenarm, the seat of the Antrim family, is beautifully situated; the small bay affords a safe and convenient shelter for shipping; the mountains look down upon it; and, in the immediate neighbourhood, the white limestone rocks add greatly to its picturesque effect. The castle of Glenarm became the residence of the McDonnels—Earls of Antrim—soon after an accident at their ancient fortalice at Dunluce compelled a removal to some safer spot. On approaching it, we perceive at once evidences of the



GLENARM — ENTRANCE.

advantages that result from the continual presence of a resident landlord; giving both example and encouragement to "neighbours" of all grades and classes, and promoting prosperity by a daily experience of its progress.*

The gateway to the castle, a lofty Barbican, of the beauty of which our engraving gives but a limited idea, is approached by a bridge that crosses the river. Passing beneath its

^{*} This district not long ago sustained a heavy loss by the death of Edmund McDonnell, Esq. the second husband of the Countess of Antrim. He was one of the most estimable men and accomplished gentlemen that ever graced society. A constant resident among his tenantry, his sole study seemed to be to advance their interests and improve their condition; and to show to all who might be, either directly or indirectly, influenced by his example, how much even of wisdom there is in being "a good landlord."

arch, a fine carriage drive sweeps round to the entrance-hall. It is difficult to determine whether most to admire the park-like grounds, presenting every variety of wood and water, the numerous points which let in glimpses of the mighty ocean, or the magnificent scenery beheld from any one of the surrounding heights. The castle is spacious, and replete with elegance and comfort, advantages which sound and refined taste can produce anywhere; but the magic of this place consists in the character and variety of its scenery; its delicious home views, so rich and close; its river bright and brawling; its lawns fringed with brushwood of every hue, from amid which



GLENARM CASTLE.

magnificent trees spring up in defiance of the sea-blast; its keepers' cottages hid far away in the wild woods; and just as you fancy yourself in a quiet and well kept Pleasaunce, you lift up your eyes, and, behold! a mountain rears its crest up to the clouds; or you are almost on the ocean's brink, that spreads far and away into the Northern Sea.

From Glenarm to "the Causeway," the next stage is to Cushendall, passing through the small village of Cairnlough, and leaving to the left a



GARBON POINT.

rich valley, open on the east to the sea: but on three sides completely surrounded by mountains. About half way, we reach Garron Point, a promontory that runs out into the ocean, and from which the view. north south, is, in the highest degree. magnificent. Some idea of the singular character of the road may be formed from the annexed print, which represents the huge cliff

through which it has been cut; a gigantic portion of which has been left, a rugged but picturesque mass, on the shore. The old road, known as the "Foaran path," leads over the mountains; formerly, although "nearly impassable," it supplied the only mode of progress through the country. Nearer to Red Bay, to which we are now advancing, is another of the singular limestone rocks, called Clough-i-stookan; formed, in this place, not by the engineer, but by the gradual operation of time, and the flow of the ocean. Seen from a distance, it bears something of a human shape, and has long been regarded with superstitious feelings by the peasantry; feelings in a degree accounted for by the fact that when the wind beats upon it, and

roams through its many crevices, a sound is emitted not unlike the calls of mariners in distress. The valley of Glenariff stretches into the interior of



CLOUGH-I-STOOKAN.

the county; a road through it leads to Ballymena. The vale is very beautiful, the eastern entrance to it being open to the sea; and from the main road it presents a view at once grand and graceful, the mingling of high cultivation with dark precipices and bared rocks, giving to it a character exceedingly picturesque; while a clear and rapid river, supplied by cataracts, far up in the glen, runs directly through the centre of the vale. Red Bay, therefore, has on one side this charming valley, and on the other the wide ocean. Near its northern extremity, passing through a natural tunnel, we reach the far-famed caves—a series of three excavations in the soft red sandstone, from whence the bay derives its name.

But we must pass more rapidly onward through this delicious scenery lamenting, almost at every mile, that our limits will not permit us to do it justice. The pretty village of Cushendall lies in a hollow among mountains; and at every step we take in its vicinity we meet some spot commemorated by "old tradition"—ruins of castles, rich in legends, and hills that are truly classic; for here Ossian is said to have lived and sung; and to this day



TUNNEL AT RED BAY.

some of the grandest of the compositions attributed to him are familiar as household words in the memories of the peasantry.

Leaving Cushendall, we enter a wild country, surrounded on all sides by barren but most magnificent mountains, down which run innumerable streams, marked in the distance by white lines of foam; and, after a few miles, we ascend a steep hill-road above the graceful sea-village of Cushendun, at the head of a small bay, into which rushes the rapid river Glendun, crossed by a picturesque bridge. A most extended and most beautiful prospect is presented from every part of this road—a lovely valley on the one hand, and the open sea on the other.

From the summit of the mountain there is a level road, until we approach

the town of Ballycastle. It passes over a barren heath, in which there are numerous fissures, crossed by strong bridges—each bridge bearing a name, and generally also the name of the engineer by whom it was erected. Here and there we meet a shepherd's hut, but the whole district is nearly



BONA-MARGY.

without inhabitants, the land being almost exclusively occupied by flocks of sheep. The descent into Ballycastle is very rapid: leaving to the right, about three miles, two objects which imperatively demand a visit-Tor Head, and Murlough Bay-to which we shall presently conduct the reader. Ballycastle is a good town, with a good inn; and the Tourist will do well to rest here awhile, proceeding hence to the Causeway, and examine, both by sea and land, the grandest object along this wonderful coast-the Promontory of Fairhead.

Before entering Ballycastle, a little to the left, are the remains of the ancient abbey of Bona-Margy; founded, it is said, for monks of the Franciscan order, in 1509, by Somarle McDonnell, commonly called Sorley

Buy, or Yellow Sorley. It is the burial place of the McDonnells.

Ballycastle consists of two parts, upper and lower; the lower is usually termed the Quay, and the two are joined by an avenue of fine trees.

Acting upon the advice of some experienced guide, the Tourist will visit the several objects of interest east of Fairhead, by land, taking boat at Murlough Bay, and returning to Ballycastle by water. Soon after he turns from the main road, towards the coast, he enters a wild district, walks along a barren heath, looks upon Tor-point, stands above the several

headlands, gazes upon giant rocks, from the summits of terrific cliffs, and commences a descent into the bay of Murlough.



BAY OF MURLOUGH.

There are spots—small unrecorded places—nooks hid beneath cliff or mountain, mere corners of the island, that altogether escape the Tourist who bowls along the splendid roads which render the great leading features of the scenery of the county of Antrim so easy of examination. Let the visitor on no account omit to inspect this bay—a scene of unspeakable grandeur and beauty.

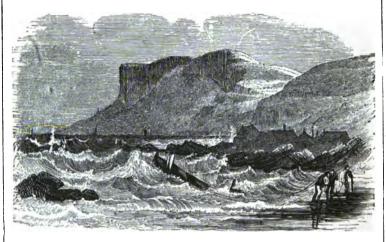
The bold and majestic promontory of Benmore, or Fairhead, underneath which the Tourist passes between the two bays of Murlough and Ballycastle, is grand in the extreme—sublime beyond conception. Standing upon the brink of one of the huge precipices of which it is composed, the prospect is so terrific as to be appalling; a rapid glance is sufficient to satisfy the Tourist's curiosity; he shrinks back with natural dread, for

" Dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below."

But, viewed upwards from the ocean, the extent and magnificence may be fully seen and thoroughly appreciated. It is, however, utterly impossible for any description to afford an idea of its surpassing grandeur—to portray which the pencil of the artist is equally incapable.

G

Our boat was firm and deep, and rose and sank upon the heavy funerallike-billows, with greater steadiness than we expected; so still and heavy



FAIRHEAD.

was the motion, it seemed as if we glided over a surface of ice. Sometimes we had convincing proof that this was not the case; for when a half-sunk rock provoked the monster wave to a division, however small, irritation or disturbance deluged us with water. We might have felt nervous as the huge mountains of dark brine, extending beyond our gaze, came steadily towards us, without a sound; each swelling as it advanced, and towering so fearfully above us, while we rose imperceptibly on its raven crest. At length, having become accustomed to the motion, and learning by experience that the waves designed us no wrong, our attention became riveted on the headlands—"the wonderful works of God!"

Fhir Leith, or "The Grey Man's Path," (a fissure in the precipice,) viewed either from land or sea, is never to be forgotten: it seems as though some supernatural power, determined to hew for itself a pathway through

the wonderful formations that tower along the coast—so that it might visit



THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

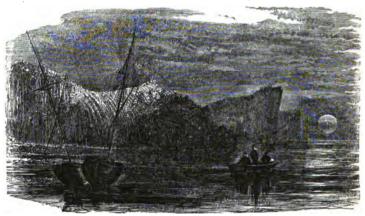
or summon the spirits of the deep, without treading a road made by mortal hands-had willed the fearful chasm that divides the rocky promontory in two. The singular passage. in its most narrow part, is barred across by the fragment of a pillar, hurled, as it were, over the fissure, and supported on both sides at a considerable elevation. If you descend, you perceive the passage widens, and becomes more important; its dark sides assume greater height, and a more wild and sombre magnificence; and at last they extend upwards, above two hundred and twenty feet. through which the tourist arrives at the massive débris which crowd the base of the mighty promontory, where the northern ocean rolls

threatening billows. From the cragsmen and boatmen of this wild coast you hear no tales of Faery, no hints of the gentle legends and superstitions collected in the south, or in the inland districts of the north; not that they are a whit less superstitious, but their superstition is, as the superstition of the sea kings, of a bold and peculiar character; their ghosts come from out the deep, before or after the rising of the moon, and climb, or rather stalk up the rocks, and, seated upon those mysterious pillars, converse together; so

that, in the fishermen's huts, they say, "it thunders." Even mermaids are deemed too trifling in their habits and manners for this stupendous scenery, where spirits of the old gigantic world congregate, and where the "Grey Man" of the North Sea stalks forth, silently and alone, up his appropriate path, to witness some mighty convulsion of nature.

Before the Tourist returns to Ballycastle, we must direct his attention to the singular, picturesque, and interesting island of Rathlin or Raghery.

From the striking similitude existing between the island of Rathlin and the adjoining continent, it is the general opinion that this island had, at one period, formed a part of the county of Antrim, from which it has been separated by some violent convulsion of nature. All geologists who have made this the subject of inquiry, have stated that in geological structure the



DOON POINT, IN BATHLIN.

island and adjacent continent are accurately the same; and Doctor Hamilton entertained the idea that this island, standing as it were in the midst between this and the Scottish coast, may be the surviving fragment of a large tract of country, which at some period of time has been buried in the deep, and may have formerly united Staffa and the Giant's Causeway.

Its formation is basaltic; and the most remarkable disposition of columns occurs at Doon Point, on the south-eastern side. The island is, indeed, full of natural wonders. Stories of the Fata Morgana are told upon "safe authorities:"—

" Here oft, "tis said, Morgana's fairy train Sport with the senses of the wondering swain; Spread on the eastern hase a rainbow light, And charm with visions fair th' enchanted sight."



BRUCE'S CASTLE.

During the civil wars which devastated Scotland, after the appointment of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, Robert Bruce was driven out, and obliged to seek shelter in the isle of Raghery, in a fortress whose ruined walls still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive, His enemies, however, pursued him even to this remote spot, and forced him to embark in a little

skiff, and seek refuge on the ocean. The ruins of Bruce's Castle are situated on a bold headland, at the extreme eastern part of the island, immediately fronting Scotland. It rises perpendicularly from the water's edge; and about forty or fifty feet from the eastern extremity, a deep chasm traverses the ground, insulating as it were the huge mass on which the the outer part of the fortress has been situated.

From Ballycastle, to visit the Giant's Causeway, the Tourist proceeds westward; the road is uninteresting, but he will have to turn off now and then, and walk to examine the several headlands along the



RENBAAN BRAD.

coast. First is Kenbaan—the White Head—a singular promontory, which derives its name from a remarkable chalk formation occurring in the midst of basalt. It is crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle; remarkably striking in aspect and character, completely isolated as it is from the mainland.

Near the village of Ballintoy will be visited one of the principal "lions"

of the district—the hanging bridge of Carrick-a-rede.* One of our attendant guides ran over it with as much indifference as if he had been walking



CARRICK-A-REDE.

along a guarded balcony, scarcely condescending to place his hand upon the

*Mr. Hamilton derives the name from "Carrig-a-ramhad"—the rock in the road, because "it intercepts the passage of the salmon on the coast;" Dr. Drummond, from "Carrig-a-drockt-head"—the rock of the bridge. "The headland, which projects a considerable way into the sea, and on the extremity of which there is a small cottage, built for a fishing station, is divided by a tremendous rent or chasm, supposed to have been caused by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months."

slender rope that answered the purpose of a protector—the "bridge" all the while swinging to and fro as the wind rushed about and under it. It was absolutely dangerous even to look down upon the frightful chasm underneath.

This chasm divides the island rock from the mainland. To a hill just above it the visitor will do well to ascend, for the prospect thence is most magnificent, commanding a full view of the whole line of coast from Fairhead to the Causeway. The whole neighbourhood abounds in natural caves, one of the most remarkable of which—Grace Staple's

vicinity of Kenbaan. It is said to be a miniature representation of the famous caves of Staffa. The columnar pillars are very distinct, and appear to have been laid as regularly as if art had been called in to the aid of nature. Between this singular vicinity and the town of Bushmills, the Tourist will have little delay, for his excursion along the headlands will be made more at leisure; a short walk, however, will enable him to examine the picturesque remains of Dunseverick Castle, standing upon an iso-

Cave-will be examined, in the



GRACE STAPLE'S CAVE

lated rock, which they must formerly have covered. As this point is about three miles from the Causeway, it is usual to proceed to it by land, and, taking boat in the small bay adjoining, return by water. This was the plan we adopted, and, therefore, by this route we shall conduct the reader, taking him first to the pretty town of Bushmills, and leaving him, for rest, at the well-ordered and comfortable inn, immediately above the footway that leads to the Causeway.

The town of Bushmills, standing on the River Bush, derives its name-

from an ancient water-mill—said to be the oldest in the north of Ireland—the picturesque ruins of which existed until a recent period.



MILL AT BUSHMILLS.

The town belongs to the Macnaghtens; and in the mansion, which stands upon the adjacent hill—overlooking the ocean and the glories of the coast—resides Sir Edward Macnaghten, Bart., the present representative of the venerated and honoured family.*

* Sir Francis Macnaghten, Bart., who died only so lately as 1848, was also the father of Sir William Macnaghten, whose melancholy fate at Cabool excited universal sympathy. The father of Sir Francis served at the siege of Londonderry: this fact will startle our readers, who call to mind that the siege of Derry took place in 1888, exactly 163 years ago. It will be accounted for, however, by stating that Mr. Macnaghten was little more than a child at the period, although actually placed at the head of his tenantry, and recognised by them as their chief. He did not marry until he was eighty-three years old; his lady bore him two sons—one of whom was the late venerable Baronet, whom he lived to see of age—dying when his years had numbered somewhat more than one hundred. The venerable Sir Francis was renowned for hospitality: when we had the happiness to know him (in 1843) he was upwards of eighty years old. He was then a remarkably hale old man, wonderfully free from any of the ordinary allments which accompany extreme age; and his mind was singularly clear and vigorous. The eighty years which Sir Francis had lived, added to the eighty-three years his father had numbered before his marriage, made up the number of 163 years; so that in 1689 the father of Sir Francis must have been about nine or ten years old.

OW, then, the Tourist is at the Giant's Causeway, and we may suppose him located at the "roomy" and comfortable hotel, just above the rugged footway that leads down to the Causeway. He is preparing to inspect this great marvel of Ireland—one of the wonders of the world, and walks to the door to ascertain if the weather is friendly or unfriendly to the scene of grandeur he is about to examine. The instant he shows himself he

is surrounded by THE GUIDES! They are of all ages and sizes, from the octogenarian to the boy who can hardly go alone; each has some promise of a treat to be seen, and all are prepared with small boxes of "speciments" of the natural productions of the neighbourhood.*

* The guides at the Giant's Causeway are quite as numerous as those at Killarney and Glendalough; but their character is altogether different. The Kerry and Wicklow guides delight in legends of fays and fairies, in snatches of songs, bits of ballads, and in "impossibilities" of all kinds; there is nothing too wild and wonderful for them—nothing too airy or fantastic: they greet you with a jest, and bid you farewell with a tear. Not so the northern guides: they are -down to the smallest cragsmen—the tiny boy who hops like a young sea-bird from rock to rock—people of knowledge geologists, learned in the names of stones, and conversant with stratas and basalts; stiff and steady; observant and particular—they love to be particular—they are remarkable for the exactness and minutise of their details; they talk with a profound air of hexagons and octagons, and when they excite an exclamation of wonder, they never sympathise with it, but treat it as a matter of course that you should be the astonished, and they the astonishers. Although very superstitious, their superstitions are of a marine kind, and of a gigantic and terrible nature; they would scorn to believe in the gentler spirits of hill and valley, but they glory in sea-kings, great appearances rising from the earth or sea, and capable of using pillars for rock-stones, and with the breath of their nostrils filling the pipes of Fin Mac Cool's organ, so that Fairhead itself is moved by the mighty music. The Causeway guides are of earth-earthy; of the stone-stony; they have the mystified look of philosophers, and the youngest and most ragged has a certain affectation of learning that is very amusing. They are, however, attentive and obliging, and, of course, every visitor is bound to employ one of them. The guide who gives most satisfaction generally, and is perhaps the best, is named King. The boatmen, too, will be found talkative and communicative; they are familiar with every spot, and the legends thereof, to be visited round the coast. Indeed, those who have a good boatman will be very well off, and will know all they desire to know before the day's

In truth, the Giant's Causeway is, as it has been so often called, one of "the World's Wonders;" and if "the North" presented no other object of attraction, it would amply repay visitors from any part of the earth. Those who have examined STAFFA will find it easy to imagine that they were, at one period, parts of the same great continent; in all human probability, the continuation of the line of basaltic pillars exists "fathoms deep" beneath the ocean depths. Staffa and the Causeway, although nearly akin, have each their distinguishing features: there is no cave at the Causeway so large or so inconceivably grand as that at Staffa; but, on the other hand, the former greatly surpasses the latter in extent, in variety, and, above all, in the magnificent mountain-rocks and sublime sea-cliffs by which it is so completely environed.

The Giant's Causeway is visited annually by thousands; and, as we have shown in this volume, it is now so easily reached, that it will be a reproach to any one not to have seen this most wonderful work of nature.* Those who have followed us thus far will have perceived that it may be reached by railway, with but a very few miles of coach travelling; it is now, indeed, within the distance of a single day (of twenty-four hours) from London. We have recommended "the coast-road" for many reasons; but those to whom time and money are objects to economise, may reach it by "the short cut;" and, we repeat, largely will they be remunerated for a comparatively small expenditure.

excursion is over. The cost of the boat is frequently complained of; but a row about the coast is no easy affair: the sea is at all times bolsterous, and the labour required to convey a boat full of passengers from creek to creek is often prodigious. To the hard-worked boatman a gratuity is a matter of serious import; while, usually, to the Tourist it is one of very trifing consideration. As Miss Edgeworth remarked to us more than once, "Happiness in Ireland is always cheap." We are not disposed to advocate high charges at places of enjoyment; but we are sure that the majority of visitors to this wonderful scene will not grudge a few extra shillings to make it gratifying also to those upon whom, after all, very much of the pleasure and satisfaction must depend.

* It was only so lately as 1693, that public attention was directed to the wonderful work of nature, subsequently termed "the Giant's Causeway." The first scientific notice of it occurs in a letter from Sir Richard Bulkeley to Dr. Lyster, in which he speaks of it, however, from the report of "a scholar who went on purpose, with the Bishop of Derry, to see it." The inquiries and published statements of Dr. Molyneux soon afterwards made the district famous. The two engravings, made from drawings by Mrs. Susanna Drury, in 1740, are well known.

Before the Tourist sets out, it will be well to supply him with a guide, as accurate, at least, if not as amusing, as any one of the many he will have to



encounter. The accompanying map is copied (by permission) from the published map of the Ordnance Survey. We have, however, added to it the names of the several rocks, and creeks, and pillars, which, although not

recorded in "the books," are seldom out of the mouths of the boatmen and peasantry. In making these additions, we have been especially careful,



consulting at least half a dozen "guides," by whom we were accompanied; comparing their reports, both by sea and land, and scrupulously noting them down upon the original map we carried in our hand.

To this map, then, we direct the attention of the reader; for it will be our guide, as we shall be his. Although, as a less prominent wonder, he will be called upon to visit Port Coon Cave, after he has seen the Causeway,



PORT COON CAVE.

as it occurs first on the map, we shall first take him there. The cave may be visited either by sea or by land. Boats may row into it to the distance of a hundred yards or more, but the swell is sometimes dangerous; and although the land entrance to the cave is slippery, and a fair proportion of climbing is necessary to achieve the object, still the magnificence of the excavation, its length, and the formation of the interior, would repay greater exertion; the stones of which the roof and sides are composed, and which are of a rounded form, and embedded as it were in a

basaltic paste, are formed of concentric spheres resembling the coats of an onion; the innermost recess has been compared to the side aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the walls are most painfully slimy to the touch; the discharge of a loaded gun reverberates amid the rolling of the billows, so as to thunder a most awful effect; and the notes of a bugle, we are told, produced delicious echoes.*

The visits to Port Coon and Dunkerry Caves are but episodes in the tour; the Tourist will return to the inn and select his "guide;" to whom he will pay half-a-crown—"as much more as your honour plases,"—for his day's

labour, attention, and information. The descent to the coast is then commenced; he will have to walk about the greater part of a mile, before he arrives upon level ground—if that can be called level over which Time and Nature have scattered huge rocks and fragments of gigantic pillars. Below him, to the



THE STEUCANS.

* We heard a story of a giant-hermit who inhabited Port Coon Cave in the very olden time. The giant was of a kind and humble nature, and instead of taking vengeance upon the world. which had used him very ill, he resolved to end his life praying and fasting in a sea-cave, and made a solemn yow that he would never touch food brought to him by mortal hands. Of course Satan tempted him, as we were told, in the usual way, by beautiful sea-ladies bringing him " meat fresh and salt;" but though the saintly giant was "faint with the hunger," and the perfume of the savoury edibles was most tempting, he would not break his vow; he had sworn never to touch food brought to him by mortal hands, and so he turned away from the fair sea-ladies and their temptations with a groan that reverberated through every pipe pillar of the Causeway Organ. Well, after he had been left alone, and was praying-praying, and almost at the last gasp, what should he see coming "walloping" through the water to him, with something in her mouth, but a seal! "Holy giant," she says, "eat what I have brought, and you break no vow. I have no mortal hands to tempt you, so be satisfied; it is better to live on and set your back to the troubles of the world than to lie down like a dog and die under them." And the giant ate, for sure enough there was nothing against his vow in eating what a seal brought him in her mouth; and he was fed in the cave by seals till the day of his death, and they were kind and good to him from the first to the last.

left, he sees the graceful miniature bay of Portnabaw; nearer, the singular formation called the Weir's Snoot; and, after a brief progress, still seaward, he beholds the two guardians of the place—the Steucans, great and little—hillpromontories, which separate the bay of Portnabaw from Port Ganniay, at the eastern extremity of which is the Causeway, dividing Port Ganniay from Port Noffer. A rugged road has been constructed at the foot of the hills, along the coast. In the midst of broken columns, among which we now tread, is a small well—the Giant's Well—of purest spring water; beside which an aged crone sits to welcome visitors, and supply them with refreshing drink. As yet, however, although the Causeway is within a stone's throw, nothing of its extraordinary character is seen; we proceed a few steps onward, and still there is little to startle us; we actually stand upon it, and ask, in a tone of sadness, "Is this really the object, of which we have heard so much and have come so far to visit?" The invariable effect of the first impression is disappointment. This is, however, soon succeeded by a sensation of excited curiosity; and that soon gives place to a combined feeling of astonishment, admiration, and delight. The imagination can have pictured nothing like it; written accounts have conveyed to us no idea of its marvels; the artist has altogether failed in rendering us familiar with the reality.

As we are enabled to give—upon high authority—the facts necessary to a clear understanding of the wonderful scene, our details may be limited to such descriptions of its peculiarities as may prove interesting to the general reader. For the following statement, we are indebted to a valuable correspondent—James Bryce, Esq., of Belfast, M.A., F.G.S.; he has here condensed a vast quantity of information (some of it never before published), and in such a manner as to render it intelligible to the least scientific reader. We have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining the aid of so distinguished a geologist, resident on the spot.

The Giant's Causeway is generally viewed too much as an isolated phenomenon, even by geologists; whereas, it merely exhibits, in a striking manner, a series of facts which may be observed in many other parts of the coast and interior.

There are six varieties of the rocks which, from basalt being the most important, are termed basaltic rocks; they are also termed trap-rocks, from the terrace-like profile of hills composed of them; trappa signifying a stair in the language of Sweden, where the term was first applied:—1.

Greenstone, composed of distinct crystals of felspar and hornblende, or felspar and augite. 2. Basalt, a close-grained black or blue coloured rock, of the same composition; it occurs either in columns or in large tabular masses. 3. Red ochre, or bole, homogeneous blood or brick red, or variegated with different colours. This rock and basalt contain from ten to twenty-five per cent, of oxide of iron. The greenstone contains a much smaller quantity. 4. Amygdaloid, an earthy base or paste, containing either imbedded almond-shaped (hence the name) crystalline concretions, or cavities lined with crystals of calcareous spar, zeolites, and quarts. 5. Wood-coal, or lignite. 6. Porphyry.

These rocks occupy the whole surface of Antrim, except a small tract in the north-east of the county, and all that portion of Derry to the east of the river Roc. This district is called by geologists the basaltic or trap district. From Magilligan, at the mouth of Lough Foyle, its boundary runs by Dungiven, Drapers-town, Tubbermore, Moneymore, Coagh, Lurgan, Moira, and Lisburn, to Belfast. Slievegallion mountain, near Cookstown, is an outlier of the same formation. The basaltic district is thus about 1,000 square miles Irish, in area. Its east and west boundaries are defined by two chains of mountains, ranging in many cases to nearly 2000 feet—they present steep escarpments outwirds, but slope gradually inwards. Another ridge, much lower than these, runs from Dunluce to the northern shore of Lough Neagh; it divides the basin of the Bann, which flows out of the lake, from that of the Main, which flows into it, a few miles from where the Bann issues—an interesting feature in the physical geography of the county. The Bush, which drains the northern part of the county, is also divided by this ridge from the basin of the Bann.

The whole area is based upon sandstone, between which and the trap rocks there intervene three other rocks—lias, green sand, and chalk, which abound in organic remains. They are found in no other part of Ireland. This chalk is similar in structure, in position, and in its fossils, to the chalk of England, from which it differs in being very hard, owing, probably, to the great weight of the trap-rocks over it.

ignt of the trap-rocks over it.

The following is the section met with on ascending from almost any part of the low country, at



the base of the basaltic area:—In this A is sandstone, B lias, C green-sand, D chalk, and E the trap-rocks.

The lower part of the transfer of the chalk, consists chiefly of amygdalold intermingled with fine greenstone, tabular basalt, and thin courses of red booker. The middle read plonis occupied by great beds of columnar basalt

and red ochre; while the superior portion consists chiefly of coarse crystalline greenstone. In the centre of the district, between the town of Antrim and Slemish mountain, a large tract is occupied by porphyry, which belongs to the middle portion of the series. At Tardree it yields a beautiful ornamental stone, much used for building. The total thickness of the whole series is very variable; it is often thin,—and frequently, as in Knocklaid, Trostan, and Divis, its thickness is from 900 to 1200 feet.

In the escarpments beforementioned, we have magnificent natural sections of these basaltic

strata, and the secondary rocks below them. But of the baseltic strata themselves we have no section so fine as in the cliffs near the Causeway. Here the secondary rocks are wanting, The chalk, which usually underlies the trap along the whole coast, and is extremely well seen at Kenbaan head and Ballintoy, is suddenly broken off in Port Bradin, in the western corner of Ballintoy strand. Instead of the trap being here over it, the two rocks come together at the same level—as in the annexed sketch.

From this point no trace of the chalk is again to be seen along the whole Causeway coast till we reach the mouth of the Bush river, where it emerges from beneath the sands of the beach





and runs out under low water. Its disappearance over all this space is probably due to what geologists call a fault, that is, a sinking of a portion of the strata below their original level, and the consequent breaking off in the continuity of the beds. The section annexed will explain the mode of this disappearance; -it is, of course, ideal below the level of the sea line; but we can have no doubt, from what we see in the cliffs in other places, that such is the structure at this

> point. A represents chalk: B green sand; C lias; D sandstone; H the lower basalts and ochre: F and G the middle basalts, columnar and amorphous; and E the superior beds, chiefly

greenstone.

We might thus expect to discover the chalky strata supporting the whole Causeway cliffs, from Port Bradin to Bushfoot, if the sea were to retire, or the bottom to be elevated, even through a small space.

The immense mass of basaltic strata extending, in length, between Port Bradin and Bushfoot, and in depthfrom the summit of Pleaskin to the sea. level, is divided into regular beds, which range through the whole horizontal distance with great continuity-We have already indicated the divisions. Amygdaloid intermingled with fine greenstone and tabular basalt, and thin courses of ochre, form the lowest portion; these are overlaid by a

D

bed of ochre about twenty-five feet thick, upon which rests a bed of columnar basalt, between forty and fifty feet thick-which is the first range of columns. Over this there lies a stratum of amorphous basalt, nearly sixty feet in thickness; and over it is the second range of columnar basalt, between fifty and sixty feet thick. Between this second range and the summit of the cliffs are several beds of basalt, othre, and greenstone, among which lignite occurs in many

places—these strata we need not particularise. Dr. Richardson was the first to show (Phil. Trans. vol. xevi., 1808-9.) that these strata emerge, in the order here described, from under the sea line. in Portmoon, a small bay about one mile east of Bengore, and continue gradually to rise in a vast arch till they attain their greatest elevation in the front of Pleaskin, which is 400 feet in height. Thence they continue to sink in a gradual curve, in such a manner that, nearly two miles distant from their culminating point, the great ochre bed and first columnar range dip into the sea; and thus the Giant's Causeway is formed. The upper surface of the ochre-bed is just on the level of low water; hence, high-water rises so as to cover the lower portion of the pillars. The Causeway is, then, nothing more than the upper surface of a portion of the first columnar range LAID BARE, probably from the sea having washed over it for many ages at a higher level; of which we have independent evidence. The ends of the pillars may be distinctly traced, both on the east and west sides of the Causeway, resting on the ochre-bed. It is upon a concave depression in the upper surface of this bed that the whole Causeway stands, the pillars being at right angles to the concave surface. Hence, on the east and west sides of the Causeway, the columns lean over towards the middle. It is only in the middle, that is, over the lowest part of the curve, that they are perpendicular to the horizon. The columnar bed and great ochre, after thus dipping into the sea, rise gradually again in a curve, continue their course together for a short distance, and vanish from the cliffs; -- thence to Bushfoot the beds below them in the series occupy the coast,

It is therefore mere trifling to dwell so much as has been done, even by writers, on the number, form, position, &c., of the pillars; on their arrangement round "a keystone;" and on such questions as, how deep the pillars descend—whether they are joined beneath the sea to those of Staffa!! &c. From the moment the structure of the coast is understood, our wonder will be transferred to the great arched columnar beds ranging from Portmoon along the cliffs; and our overpowering feelings of sublimity and awe, to the lofty mural precipices with their mighty colonnades.

The beautiful range of pillars at Craigabullier, near Dunluce, seems to belong to the upper columnar bed—but it is difficult to determine. On the southern frontier of Cairneany mountain, near Antrim, a fagade of very perfect and beautiful pillars of black basalt was exposed a few years ago, in searching for a quarry of whinstone. This fagade was lately opened to its base, by the orders and at the expense of George J. Clarke, Esq., of Steeple, with the view of ascertaining on what rock it rested, and to test its correspondence with the Causeway beds. The result completely determined its identity—it reposed upon a thick bed of other. Another highly interesting geological question, to which it would be out of place to refer here, was also settled by this discovery. Mr. Clarke's example is highly worthy of being imitated, as geology is very much in want of such practical researches. Columnar basalt occurs also extensively on the northern shores of Lough Neagh.

The origin of basalt and other rocks of the family was formerly matter of active discussion between the Wernerians and Huttonians—it is now considered as settled that these rocks, as well as granite, porphyry, &c., are of igneous origin,—not formed in air, as volcanic rocks are now, but under pressure, in the depths of the sea or in the bowels of the earth; and hence they are styled Phytonic. The following is an abstract of the proofs of the igneous origin of these rocks:—

I. The effects produced by the trap rocks, when they come in contact with rocks capable of being altered. These effects are chiefly seen when whin-dikes intersect the strata. A whin-dike is a vertical wall of whinstone, i.e., trap of some kind, either besalt, greenstone, or porphyry, intersecting the strata and extending to unknown depths. These effects are:—1. The charring of coal often to many feet, on both sides of the dike. 2. The conversion of clay into jasper, and of sandstone into quartz rock. 3. The conversion of chalk into a crystalline marble like the Carrara, or into a phosphorescent powder like pounded white sugar; and of flint into jasper, or into a white thinly laminated porcellanous substance. 4. The conversion of the soft fossiliferous clay of the

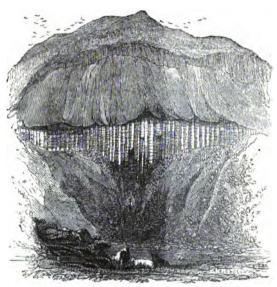
lias into a hard flinty slate :-- an example of which is the celebrated Portrush rock, so like basalt that it was described as a basalt containing shells, and often referred to during the great controversy as a proof of the aqueous formation of that stone. 5. The disruption, displacement, and contortion which trap dikes and veins produce on sedimentary rocks, among which they intrude—the tortuous lines of least resistance followed by the vein in cases of such intrusion -all point to an eruption from beneath in a heated state. II. The basaltic rocks are of the same mineral composition as the leading volcanic rocks; basalt, greenstone, &c., are found among the older lavas of Ætna; and amygdaloid also exists in Sicily, as a submarine lava. So similar are the specimens indeed, that it is often difficult to distinguish the ancient trap-rock from the lava of recent origin. III. In whin-dikes the prismatic structure is seen, but the prisms are horizontal, not vertical, as in the overlying basalt. Now, if these strata cooled from igneous fusion, we should expect, à priori, that the columnar structure would develop itself perpendicularly to the cooling surface. In beds parallel to the horizon the pillars are vertical; beds perpendicular to the horizon have the pillars horizontal, a difference obviously pointing to the igneous origin and mode of cooling. The two dikes which intersect the Causeway, and divide it into three parts, are prismatic across. Similar dikes cut the columnar ranges and the other beds in several places. IV. The igneous theory has been confirmed by actual experiments, in which columnar basalt has been artificially formed by the slow cooling of fused amorphous basalt.—See Gregory Watts' Exper, on fused substances in Phil. Trans, for 1804; or Phillips's account of them in his Geology (in Lardner's Cab. Cycl.) vol. ii. p. 46. V. Every difference between the basaltic rocks and modern lavas may be explained by supposing the former to have been erupted, not in air, but under the pressure of a deep seawhich we are at liberty to do, as we sre sure the subjacent secondary rocks are of marine origin, from their organic remains; and as these rocks bear obvious marks of violent movements posterior to their consolidation. Of this we have an example in one part of a stratum of chalk being in the crest of a mountain and the rest on the plain beneath, though the whole was originally deposited, in one continuous layer, on the bottom of the sea. It is indeed plain that the entire area has been elevated since the formation of the basaltic rocks. Hence appears the inutility of speculations concerning craters and vents. The igneous matter was spread out in vast sheets upon the sea bottom, from perhaps many vents, which would, most probably, disappear entirely in the subsequent movements, and in the changes resulting from such a mighty catastrophe. The volume of lava so poured out finds a meet representative in the vast quantities which issued from Skaptur Jokul, in Iceland, in 1783. (See Lyell's Geology, vol. ii. p. 181.)

Mr. Watts's experiments afford a satisfactory explanation of the origin of joints in basaltic pillars, and of the spherical masses composed of concentric coats, called Onion-stone at the Causeway, and found over all parts of the trap district. At a certain stage in the cooling of the semidulumass of melted basalt, spheroids were formed within its substance. From the centres of these there radiated distinct fibres, which divided at equal distances from the centre, so as to detach portions of the spheroid in concentric coats. When the radii of two spheroids touched at their extremities, the one set of fibres did not penetrate the other, but the two bodies became mutually compressed, and separated by a well-defined plane. When several spheroids came in contact, they formed one another, by their mutual pressure, into prisms with perfect angles, such as the Causeway pillars. Each joint is thus a compressed spheroid. The articulations in the lower joints would obviously present convex and concave surfaces; but in proportion as the centre, whence the fibres radiated, became more remote, the articulations would approximate to planes.

Actual dissection, by the hammer, of the Causeway pillars, confirms this view of their structure: a great many small pieces may be detached all round a joint, leaving a spheroidal nucleus occupying its greater part; and in this a radiation from a centre may be seen. The experiments also account for the great variety in the forms of the Causeway pillars.

Standing upon the Causeway, elevated but a few yards above the level

coast, we first look around us. Upon the side of the hill, immediately over us, is "the Giant's Organ"a magnificent colonnade of pillars, laid open, as it were, by a landslip, in the centre of the cliff, and reaching to height of one hundred and twenty feet. The derivation of its name is sufficiently obvious. While looking towards it, in silent wonder, our



THE GIANT'S ORGAN.

guides began a discourse upon the subject.

"I'm thinking," said one to another, that the giant who made that organ for his diversion had a grand idea of music." "Well, you are not far wrong," was the reply; "but it must have been a great treat entirely, to say nothing of the music, to hear Ossian sing his own poetry to the organ built by his own hands. And a fine sight to see the giants, and their wives and children, listening to the white-headed old poet, shouting out the beautiful verses that our grandmothers (God be good to them) used to sing to their spinning-wheels, when we were bairns at the knee—those were great times at the Causeway!" "After all, it's nothing but the hoight of poetry to call it an organ; sure it's only a row of columnar

basalts, the same as the rest." "I wonder at you to say so, and you a poet yourself. Wasn't it petrified into stone? and if it was disenchanted, all the music and fine ould Irish airs, that are lost, would break out of it again."

When the eye has dwelt sufficiently long upon this singular "structure," it is directed further east; and another variety in the scene is presented



THE CHIMNEY-TOPS.

—"the Chimney-tops;" three pillars, the tallest of which reaches to a height of forty-five feet; they stand upon an isolated rock, some distance from the cliff. We were told an interesting story of this remarkable place.

A few years ago, a poor idiot boy was deprived of his only parent (his mother) by death; the woman was buried, and some of the neighbours, anxious to withdraw him from the grave he continued to weep over with

unchanging love, told him his mother was not there, but was gone up to heaven. "Gone up!" he repeated; "what! gone up as high as the Organ?"—his only idea of height being derived from the localities of the Causeway. "Ay!" they said; "higher than that."

"As high as the Chimneys?"

"Yes, and higher."

He shook his head, replying, in his innocence, "there was nothing higher." The next evening, when they took the idiot some potatoes to the place that had been his constant abode since his mother's burial, they could not find him; but, before the night closed in, the poor creature was discovered weeping and lamenting on the top of those fearful columns-" the Chimneys"—clapping his hands, and crying aloud. Nothing could exceed the horror and dismay of the "neighbours," who could not imagine how he got there, and dared not peril their own lives by attempting to rescue him. To estimate the danger of such an undertaking, the columns and their elevation must be seen. It grew dark, and the cries of the boy increased: they hallooed to him, entreating him to keep quiet till the morning, and to cling closely to the columns. Some agreed to watch near "the Chimneys;" so that, if he fell, they might, perhaps, be able to render him assistance. Sleep, however, overpowered those whose day had been spent either in hard labour or active endurance. When they awoke, the sun was glowing above the horizon, and the boy was gone. They rushed towards the débris piled around the columns, expecting to find his mangled body: but there was so little trace of the idiot boy, that the two watchers asked each other if it were not ALL a dream !-- and they proceeded homeward, agreeing as to the impossibility of his having descended in safety, when the first object they beheld, at the door of the nearest cottage, was the poor idiot, safe and sound in body, except that his arms and legs were well scratched and scarred by the sharp edges of the stones.

"Eh!" exclaimed one of the men; "but those whom God keeps are well kept. And how did ye get down, my bonny man?"

"I could na find my mammy!" answered the child, while tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and the absence of intelligence was atoned for

by the look of deep and earnest affection; "I could na find my mammy, though I cried to her. I could na find my mammy!"

These Chimney-tops were, it is said, battered by one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, whose crew, in the night-time, mistook them for the "chimneys" of Dunluce Castle. The ship, according to tradition, was lost in the small bay on the other side, called from this circumstance Port-na-Spania. "There were casks of gold," said our guide—the poet Mac Cock—"rolled in there; and some of the rocks are stained with wine to this day. The rocks of the island are cruel to their own people sometimes; but to the Spaniards they were cruel indeed. I heard tell of a skull being found there, laced up in its helmet—but Death laughs through his chattering jaws at all safeguards—the steel was firm enough, but the poor bones within had crumbled into dust."

So far—as far as the rock surmounted by the Chimney-tops, which stands over Port-na-Spania, between it and Port Reostan—the eye traverses along the coast, from the summit of the Causeway. Looking seaward from this point, we perceive only a rock, which seems to be a continuation of the structure, but which, we understood, is not formed of basalt. Between it and the Causeway there are ten fathoms' water. Beyond it, to the east, is Seagull Island—a broad and high rock, generally almost literally covered by the birds which have given to it a name.

The Tourist will now demand leisure to examine more minutely the wonderful work of Nature upon which he is standing. The Causeway consists of three "piers or moles,"—the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway, the Great Causeway—each jutting out into the sea; the greater mole being visible to the extent of about 300 yards at low water, the other two not more than half that distance. The parts which the sea passes over are black, from the sea-weed; the upper portions being principally grey, from the short close lichen. The accompanying view, taken from the east, affords a tolerably correct idea of the gradually diminishing line, from the summit to the extreme end, where it dips into the ocean. The rocks in the background are the two Steucans; and the Organ is observed running up the cliff.

The Little Causeway is first approached from the west; next is the Middle Causeway, to which the guides have given the name of the Honey-



THE CAUSEWAY.

comb, a name which aptly explains its character. Here is "the Lady's Chair," a group of pillars gathered round a single pillar, depressed, and so arranged as to form a comfortable seat. The Great Causeway is, however, the leading object of attraction. The visitor usually ascends it from the west, and descends it to the east. On the west side he is first shown "Lord

Antrim's Parlour," a space surrounded by columns, where tourists usually carve their names—the remotest date is 1717. On the east side he leaves the Causeway by what is called "the Giant's Gateway:" the columns here presenting somewhat the character of a series of steps. Much time will be profitably expended in walking over the Great Causeway. The guides will point out its singularities, directing attention to the facts, that out of the immense number of columns, there is but one of three sides, still more numerous are those of five sides, the majority are of six sides; there are but few of seven, there are several of eight; only three have ever been discovered of nine sides, and none have been found of ten. "Each pillar is in itself a distinct piece of workmanship; it is separable from all the adjacent columns, and then is in itself separable into distinct joints, whose articulation is as perfect as human exertion could have formed it; the extremities of each joint being concave or convex, which is determined by the terminations of the joints with which it was united; but there is no regularity as to the upper or lower extremity being concave or convex: the only law on this point is, that the contiguous joints are the one concave, the other convex.

The prevailing forms are pentagonal, hexagonal, heptagonal, but some of the pillars, upon casual inspection, may be mistaken for squares, in consequence of the shortness of one or more of the sides; indeed, it is occasionally difficult to determine the number of sides, except by the number of pillars by which each pillar is encompassed—thus a column of seven sides will be, of course, inclosed by seven other columns.

Immediately on leaving the Great Causeway, the guide will point out "the Giant's Loom,"—a colonnade thirty-one feet two inches in height. One

^{* &}quot;It appears," says Klaproth, the celebrated chemist of Berlin, "that naturalists emancipated themselves, by degrees, from the volcanic illusion. Bergman, the first of the chemists who employed himself with diligence and success in examining mineral substances, and who, to an intimate acquaintance with the effects of heat, joined an extensive knowledge of mineralogy, could not bring himself to consider basalt as a product of volcanic eruptions. The Swedes adopted his view of the question. It is some forty years since everybody in Germany considered basaltic mountains as ancient volcances. Werner raised the Neptunian standard; and now among all the German mineralogists of any reputation, I know of but one (Voigt) who still maintains the old doctrine."

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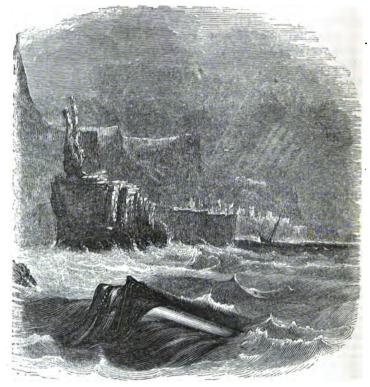
of the pillars consists of thirty-eight joints. Besides the points we have enumerated, there are the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Ball-alley, the Giant's Pulpit, the Giant's Bagpipes, and the Giant's Granny. But, as we have observed—and shall find it necessary to note again—every peculiarity in this marvellous neighbourhood is assigned to the giants, either as "articles of their manufacture," or objects formed for their especial accommodation. Indeed, the Causeway itself was the production of one of them, as the guides will be sure to tell every traveller; for when the Irish giant, Fin Mac Cool, was "wishing" to fight the Scotch giant, Benandonner, and invited him over to receive the beating intended for him, the Irish giant thought it only polite to prevent the stranger wetting "the sole of his foot," and so built a bridge for him across the sea all the way from Staffa, over which the kilted Goliath came-"to get broken bones," *

The Tourist, having gratified his curiosity and satisfied his mind by a careful examination of the Causeway, which will excite greater wonder the more it is examined, + and of which our meagre sketch conveys but a very faint idea, will proceed (but to this task another day must be devoted) along

* Sir Walter Scott, who sailed round the northern coast, in the year 1814, does not appear to have landed: his notices of the district are therefore very limited. He describes the shores as "extremely striking, as well as curious. They open into a succession of little bays, each of which has precipitous banks, graced with long ranges of the basaltic pillars; sometimes placed above each other, and divided by masses of intervening strata, or by green sloping banks of earth, of extreme steepness. These remarkable ranges of columns are in some places chequered by horizontal strata, of a red rock or earth, of the appearance of other; so that the green of the grassy banks, the dark grey or black appearance of the columns, with those red seams, and other varieties of the interposed strata, have most uncommon and striking effects. The outline of these cliffs is as singular as their colouring. In several places the earth has wasted away from single columns, and left them standing insulated and erect, like the ruined colonnade of an ancient temple, upon the verge of the precipice. In other places, the disposition of the basaltic ranges presents singular appearances, to which the guides give names agreeable to the images which they are supposed to represent. Each of the little bays or inlets has also its appropriate name."

† "Travellers visiting the Causeway will be presented, by a number of poor people, who crowd around, with collections of augits, calcareous spar, steatite, and zeolite, some of which are very beautiful: there is a very extraordinary substance found in the precipitous cliffs, hanging over the Causeway, for which no technical name has yet been discovered; it very much resembles cinders, and is known by no other name here: being very porous and light, it will be found to float upon the water: the guides know it by the name of cinders, and will provide specimens for their employers without the least delay or trouble."

the headlands to Dunseverick; returning, as we have intimated, by water. The rocks, seen from either land or sea, assume an immense variety of



DUNSEVERICE.

fantastic forms, to each of which the guides have given a name, borrowed from some fanciful similitude to a real object. Passing Port-na-Spania, where also there is an organ—"the Spanish Organ"—a group will be pointed

out to him, called "the Priest and his Flock;" next, "the Nursing Child;"*
next, "The Scholar," a white pillar in a black crevice, likened to a student,



THE KING AND HIS NOBLES.

book in hand: and next,
"The King and his
Nobles;" these are in
Port-na-Callian: the latter, a singular assemblage
of pillars, stands at the
extremity of a narrow
neck of land that separates
this port from Port-naTober, above which is the
Lover's Leap—a precipice
perpendicular from the

summit to the shore. When this is passed, we reach Port-na-Pleaskin, the most famous, and by far the most majestic and beautiful, of all the bays.

It is impossible for painter to portray, or imagination to conceive, a walk of more sublime beauty than that along the headlands from the Causeway to the Pleaksin. See the Pleaksin from the water, if you can, but do not fail to see it by land; seat yourself in "Hamilton's Seat," and

* The legend of the "Nursing Child" is this:-- "A giant-lady was greatly distressed at not having children, her heart grew heavy when she saw the noble palace her husband had built high upon Fairhead, to which the Causeway was only the servants' entrance; and she mourned bitterly, for she said, 'I have no child to inherit this.' And a great witch (a giant she was), advised her to make believe, and let on that she would soon have an heir, and 'Leave the rest to me,' she says, 'and I'll supply you with one of my own, and nurse it into the bargain. Well, the lady carried the deception wonderful, and at last her time came, and the false witch brought a child, which was presented to the king, her husband, as his; and he was greatly delighted; and the only request he made to his lady, the queen, was that she should nurse the child herself, and this put her into a passion, for she knew she could not. 'Is it,' she says, 'a brute or an animal you'd be making of me,' she says, 'to think of your expecting me to do the likes of that—and I a king's daughter and a king's wife!—I wonder at you.' Now, the king would have let her off, but for his sister, a sharp woman, who wanted the kingdom of Antrim for her own son. And she put him up to follow the nurse and baby down to the sea-shore; and when he got them to a particular place, to take up a handful of sand, and cast it in the face of the nurse and child, saving, 'For the truth.' 'And, if it is your child,' says his sister, 'it will remain as it is: if it is not, both nurse and child will be turned into stone pillars.' So the king did as he was told, and there are the stone pillars, nurse and child. to this day."

look down upon the galleries, the colonnades, the black irregular rocks, the strata of many colours, and the débris of a sloping bank that meets the



THE CAUSEWAY.

waves and is clothed, here and there, with verdure of all hues and qualities. May you see it, as we did, when cloud and sunshine were chasing each other; when the gulls and sea-birds looked like motes floating from the ocean to their haunts in the wild cliffs; when we saw the motion of the

waves, yet—though we were hushed and listening—could hardly hear them murmur; when we looked down an abyss of the most varied beauty, not at the time remembering that from where we sat to where the ripple kissed the strand was a depth of three hundred and fifty-four feet.

The wonders of the Causeway, the grandeur of Fairhead, the dells and glens, the changing yet perpetual beauty of Cushendall and Cushendun, of Glenarm and Red Bay, of all the Antrim coast, sink into comparative insignificance before the combined grandeur and loveliness of the Pleaskin.*

Yet how poor an idea of the magnificence, grace, and sublimity of the scene is conveyed by this picture of the artist! We have never, indeed, visited any district which so completely defies description, either with pen or pencil. The artist everywhere finds his art insufficient to convey his ideas; while the author feels at once how weak are words to express his emotions. In none of "the books," therefore, do we find justice done to the scene; but this we may safely say—no matter how high expectation may be raised, disappointment is impossible.

"From a natural seat on this cape," writes Sir Richard Colt Hoare, "I had a truly astonishing and pleasing view of three successive promontories,

• "The summit of Pleaskin is covered with a thin grassy sod, under which lies the natural basaltic rock, having generally a hard surface, somewhat cracked and shivered. At the depth of ten or twelve feet from the summit, this rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and forms a range of massy pillars of basaltes, which stand perpendicular to the horison, presenting, in the sharp face of the promontory, the appearance of a magnificent gallery or colonnade, upward of sixty feet in height.

"This colonnade is supported on a solid base of coarse, black, irregular rock, near sixty feet thick, abounding in blebs and air-holes—but though comparatively irregular, it may be evidently observed to affect a peculiar figure, tending in many places to run into regular forms, resembling

the shooting of salts and many other substances during a hasty crystallisation.

"Under this great bed of stone stands a second range of pillars, between forty and fifty feet in height, less gross, and more sharply defined than those of the upper story; many of them, on a close view, emulating even the neatness of the columns in the Giant's Causeway. This lower range is borne on a layer of red ochre stone, which serves as a relief to show it to great advantage.

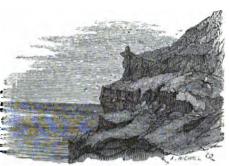
"These two admirable natural galleries, together with the interjacent mass of irregular rock, form a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet; from the base of which, the promontory, covered over with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea for the space of two hundred feet more, making, in all, a mass of near four hundred feet in height, which in beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, cannot readily be rivalled by anything of the kind at present known."—Hamilton's Northern Coast.

or headlands, retiring in gradual perspective; their upper surface level and uniform, their base broken into the most fantastic forms." The view is seen to best advantage from the summit; where a chair of rock is placed just above the precipice; this is called by the guides "Hamilton's Seat;" for here the accomplished author of "Letters from the Northern Coast" was usually to be found during the period of his inquiries concerning the "Natural History" of the vicinity. It is, in truth, "beautiful exceedingly"—"its general form so exquisite—its storied pillars, tier over tier, so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges; here the dark brown basalt, there the red ochre, and below that again the slender but distinct black lines of the wood-coal, and all the ledges of its different stratifications tastefully variegated, by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses, and ferns, and rock-plants;—in the various strata of which it is composed, sublimity and beauty having been blended together in the most extraordinary manner."

East of the Pleaskin, fronting Hore-shoe harbour—a small creek named from the object it resembles—is a singular formation of rocks called the Lion's Head—formed of red sand-stone. Off Kenbane Head (another magnificent headland) are the "Twins," two pillars standing alone; then

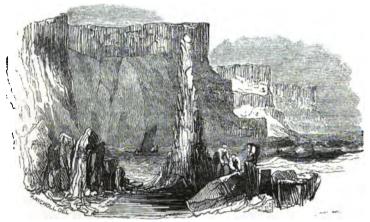
* The Rev. William Hamilton, D.D., was born in Londonderry, on the 16th of December, 1755. He became a Fellow of Trinity College in 1779. His "Letters concerning the Northern Coast," published in 1786, first directed general attention to the wonders of the Giant's Causeway. He was, unhappily, murdered on the 2nd of March, 1797, "by a number of armed rufflans," under circumstances of singular atrocity. In consequence of his activity as a magistrate, he had excited the animosity of the lawless fomenters of rebellion in his neighbourhood. He was watched for a considerable period; and at length his suspicions having been lulled, he was passing an evening at the house of a friend, the Rev. Dr. Waller, at Sharon, near the Ferry of Lough Swilly. The family and their guest were amusing themselves in the parlour, when, suddenly, a volley was fired through the window. Mrs. Waller was mortally wounded. Dr. Hamilton endeavoured to escape; but the assassins, who numbered many hundreds, declared that if he was not given up to them, they would set fire to the house and destroy every one of its inmates. A horrible scene followed: the servants determined upon thrusting the unhappy gentleman forth; he resisted; and a frightful struggle ensued, until he was at length thrown out to the murderers, who immediately dispatched him. Such was then the state of the country, that they all escaped; some, however, were secreted until they found means to embark for America. We heard from a person very conversant with the subject, that one of the murderers was discovered in a singular way. The wadding of a gun was found unconsumed in the room; it was afterwards recognised as the handwriting of a little boy, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and the copybook from which it had been torn-into a page of which it exactly fitted-was obtained at his cottage.

comes the "Giant's Ball Alley," a perpendicular rock of prodigious height; next, the "Giant's Pulpit," projecting over the ocean; and then — passing Portna-Truin — we arrive at Bengore Head, scarcely inferior in grandeur, although more limited in extent, to the promontory of Fairhead.*



THE PULPIT.

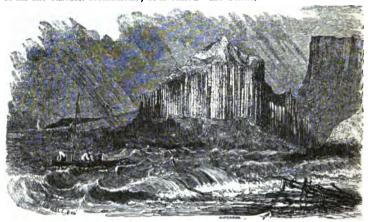
Here, also, stands a remarkable pillar, to which the guides have given the name of "the Giant's Granny." To the east are four columns, known as



THE GIANT'S GRANNY.

* "The whin-dykes, as geologists call those perpendicular walls that separate the stratifications on either side, protrude to form the respective promontories of this line of coast, and, where they meet the sea, present many curious forms."

"the Four Sisters." At the other extremity of Port Fad, is a single rock, named "the Priest." Then we enter Port Moon, a calm and beautiful bay, into which rushes a river from the Feigh Mountain, forming a noble cataract as it reaches the coast. Here occurs one of the most striking and picturesque of all the basaltic formations; it is called "the Stack."



THE STACK.

Soon after passing this, the Tourist reaches Dunseverick; and here he may consider he has achieved his purpose—so far as to examine the coast adjoining the Causeway. His journey has been entirely east of it; for to the west it presents but few objects of attraction between the Causeway and Dunluce—a distance of some three or four miles.

A single visit to the Causeway will, however, be very far from entirely satisfying the Tourist; there is an indescribable charm about the place, a powerful attraction to examine it again and again, under as many varied circumstances as the season will permit. Fortunately, the establishment of an inn so close to it affords facilities for inspecting it at all hours. We saw it once at midnight, and alone, when the moon was shining over earth and sea, but lending a quiet light, in happy harmony with the solemn grandeur

of the impressive scene; there was no "guide" at hand to disturb, with idle chatter, the awful silence around, broken only by the rush of the waves, as they came rolling along the gloomy shore, and now and then breaking into phosphoric lights as they dashed against the dark masses of basalt; while the wind, something between a howl and a murmur, made the wonderful character of the locality grand and terrible almost beyond conception, and far beyond description.*

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting, firm basaltic way
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal, or immortal, hand."

Surely our account—comparatively weak as it is—of this most singular, peculiar, and marvellous production of nature, is sufficient to direct towards it the attention of the Tourist, who seeks, year after year, the excitement and refreshment to be derived from travelling. To what part of Europe can he proceed with greater certainty of deriving from his visit more enjoyment or more information?

From Bushmills, or from the Causeway Hotel, there is yet another excursion to be made—to the ruins of Dunluce Castle; and from thence to "the white rocks," midway between Dunluce and the pretty and thriving seaport of Portrush. The white rocks are formed of limestone, and abound in caves; there are no fewer than twenty-seven of these natural caverns, some of them extending far under the hills, within a distance of about two miles. The largest and most picturesque is called the "Priest's Hole." †

The views from all parts of this vicinity are most magnificent; to the

^{*} In Port-na-Truin, east of Benbane Head (between Benbane and Bengore), sounds resembling human lamentation are said sometimes to be heard to issue from cavities in the rocks; and it has been suggested that the name is hence derived, trues or trues signifying sees or lamentation in the Irish language. The ebbing and flowing of the tide acting on confined air may produce them.

^{† &}quot;They might well call the times that are past the times of the troubles," said our guide, and "ane sorrow brings twa, as the saying is—gentle and simple—priest and minister shared the same fate. Why, you see yon—up there in the high rock, like a speck from this—it is called the priest's hole; well, when the rebellion was over, a priest, who had been stirring enough I suppose, hid himself in the holes and caves and places about the shore, thinking that in time the troubles would

west is the narrow promontory upon which stands Portrush; immediately before us is a picturesque group of islands—"the Skerries"—to the east is Dunluce, and beyond it are the gigantic cliffs that hang above the Causeway.

There are few ruins in Ireland so remarkable and interesting as that of Dunluce. "It stands on an insulated rock, that rises one hundred feet above the level of the sea, the perpendicular sides of which appear as if forming part of the walls; while its base, by the continual action of the waves, has been formed into spacious and rather curious caverns. It is separated from the mainland by a chasm twenty feet broad, and one hundred feet deep—the only approach to it being by a kind of self-supported arch or wall, about eighteen inches wide; below which the foaming wave dashes with considerable violence, even in calm weather. Across this narrow and dangerous footway the adventurous Tourist must pass, if disposed to examine this interesting ruin, which forms one of the most picturesque and commanding objects along the whole line of coast. It is built of columnar basalt, in many instances so placed as to show their polygonal sections. The castle on the rock contained a small court-yard, and several apartments of considerable dimensions."

quench, and he might escape, but the soldiers tracked him; and at last they found him, or rather saw him, and called to him to surrender, and he refused; and, standing in the gap of the cave—the dark spot that you're looking at now—he told them that if they stirred a foot nearer to him he would jump into the waves that were boiling below from where he stood; but they did not believe he had that courage. So they kept on at their ill words, and at last rushed at him—he was gone—with one spring he darted into the waters, and was seen no more.

* Randal, the first Marquis of Antrim, took an active part, and, at times, made an extraordinary a figure, in the troubles of Charles I. and at the period of the Commonwealth. On the Restoration, in 1660, he went to England to pay his respects at court; but the king refused to see him, and he was sent to the Tower, where he remained until March, 1661, when he was liberated on bail, and sent to Ireland, to undergo such punishment as the Government might think fit. After a long inquiry into the charges made against him he was dismissed by the Lords Justices, with leave to go to England; when Lord Massarcene, to whom his estates had been granted, continuing to persecute him, he was compelled to produce, in the English House of Commons, the letter of Charles I., which gave him orders for taking up arms. This letter completely silenced his enemies, and he was restored to his estates. He died 1682-3. On his leaden coffin was an inscription in the Irish language, which, being translated, is as follows:—

"At all times some calamity

Befals the Irish once every seventh year;

But now that the Marquis is departed,

It will happen every year."

OURNEYING from the Giant's Causeway, the county of Londonderry is entered by way of Coleraine, the liberties of which extend to the borders of the county of Antrim. It is situated on the east bank of the River Ban, about three miles from its influx into the sea. The town appears busy and bustling; and, although its commerce is comparatively limited, considering the advantages it enjoys, almost on

the verge of the Atlantic, it still carries on a flourishing trade in the finer class of linen—for the manufacture of which it has been long pre-eminent. The Ban is crossed by a pretty bridge, built in 1743, chiefly by aid of the Irish Society. The navigation of the river is obstructed by a bar of shifting sand; and, at a distance of about two miles from the town, by a ledge of rocks—"the Salmon Leap"—which runs from



THE SALMON LEAP.

its eastern to its western bank. The fall over this huge and high barrier is magnificent in the extreme! A lofty, but unemployed and half-ruined mill stands upon its western border; the rapid waters rushing idly and

uselessly by; adding, indeed, to the picturesque beauty of the scenery, but contributing only to the occupation of the fisherman and the enjoyment of the angler.

Passing through the town of Newton-Limivady—a long broad street of poor houses—and the village of Ballykelly, a neat and peculiarly graceful village of "the Fishmongers," on the south-west border of Lough Foyle, we soon arrive in sight of the famous city of Derry. Its character is remarkable from every point of view; covering a hill from the summit to the base, round a considerable part of which roll the waters of Lough Foyle: the houses rising in tiers one above another; with the lofty spire of the timehonoured cathedral topping all. It is impossible to approach the venerable and heroic city without being struck with its apparent "fitness" for resisting the assaults of a besieger; its great natural strength is at once apparent, and as we advance nearer, and note the high and thick walls by which it is surrounded, we become convinced that the brave and earnest hearts by which it was defended, and who obtained for it and themselves imperishable names in history, might have scorned the attacks of any enemy but famine. The walls that encompass Derry will first attract attention; they seem, to-day, as perfect as they were in 1688, having been kept in excellent repair: the broad walk upon them is neatly gravelled as a promenade; and the towers appear as capable of defence as they did a century and a half ago. These walls were built by the London companies, soon after the "Plantation"—to which we shall refer presently—indeed, the town itself may be said to have been raised by them, for, in 1608, it was burned and destroyed by Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, who almost literally left it "without one stone remaining upon another." *

The city gates have been kept in good repair, chiefly by grants from the Irish Society. "The four original gates were called the Bishop's Gate, the

By the original contract between the Crown and the corporation of London, concluded in 1609, it was stipulated that the walls should be finished on the first of November, in the following year; but though commenced, they were not entirely completed for several years after. They were laid out and built under the direction of Thomas Raven, of London, who had been sent over for the purpose, and the total cost of their erection, "including ports or gates," with all materials and workmanship, was £8357.

Ship-quay Gate, the New Gate (now the Butchers' Gate), and the Ferry-



GATE AT DERRY

port, or Ferry Gate (now the Ferryquay Gate): two others, commonly called the New Gate and the Castle Gate (but not by authority), were subsequently added. Between 1805 and 1808, the first three were rebuilt, at an expense of £1403 3s. Bishop's Gate and the Ship-quay Gate are alone embellished. The former is a triumphal arch, erected to the memory of William III., in 1789, by the corporation, with the concurrence of the Irish Society, at the centenary of the opening of the gates." It was the Ferry Gate which the 'Prentice Boys "shut" on the 7th of December, 1688. It was

from the Bishop's Gate the garrison generally made its sorties.

After its destruction, in 1608, the city rose from its ashes, but not rapidly; in 1618-19, the houses numbered only ninety-two; and its progress continued to be slow, until within the present century. So recently as 1804, there was only one market—a fish-market; the court-house was "unsafe from decay;" and the jail was "small and bad;" there was no dispensary; no library; there were no lamps; parts only of the streets were flagged; and the walls were in "very bad order." The city now contains several handsome public edifices and valuable institutions; the houses within the walls, and adjoining them, number more than 3,000; and the population exceeds 10,000. It is approached from Coleraine by a singularly long and narrow wooden bridge, crossing the River Foyle. The quays are good, and the dockyards rank among the most extensive and admirable in Ireland. The

* The bridge was erected by Mr. Lemuel Cox, a native of Boston, between the years 1789 and 1791, at the cost of £16,294 6s. The length of the bridge is 1068 feet, and its breadth forty.—
Thom's Almanack.

most interesting of the public structures is the Cathedral; it stands upon the



WALKER TESTIMONIAL.

summit of the Hill of Derry, and derives its importance less from its antiquity than from its close and intimate association with the history of the siege, and as covering the mortal remains of its immortal defenders. On either side of the east window are two flags, taken from the besiegers in 1689-their remains, rather, for time has left them a mere collection of On the sill of the window shreds. is an inscription commemorating the circumstances under which they were placed there—their having been taken from the enemy during a sortie, on the morning of the 7th of May. Another memorial of the glory of "the defenders" stands on the central western bastion: a testimonial to the memory of Walker and his brave companions in arms. * It is a well-proportioned

* Chief of all who "led" at Londonderry, was the priest-soldier, George Walker, a man against whose integrity many charges have been made—but without one of them having been sustained. He must have possessed vast strength of character, great energy, and immense powers of physical endurance. He kept up the spirits of the besieged alternately with the sword and the Bible; and was their leader, or their pastor, as occasion required. His account of the siege is at once manly and modest. He died "foolishly" in arms at the Boyne Water, where he, at least, could have acquired no additional glory; and where certainly he had "no business." Honours and substantial rewards had been heaped upon him by King William, by the University of Oxford, by the Irish Society, and by the universal voice of England. To Derry, however, he never returned; he was interred in his church of Donoughmore, in the county of Tyrone; but his proudest monument overlooks the maiden city. It records also the names of his brave companions—Baker, Mitchelburne, Murray, and others; and much of the spirit by which they were animated still lives in the hearts of the "'Prentice Boys." The Protestant natives of Derry are naturally proud of this title: it is associated, and justly, with "glorious memories;" and, although sometimes used as the signword of a party, it must always be considered as an honourable distinction.

column, of Portland stone, eighty-one feet high, surmounted by a statue of "the Governor," represented in the clerical costume of the period, his right hand holding a Bible, his left pointing to the place where the boom was laid; indicating, as it were, the approach of the vessels that brought food to the famished heroes. It was erected in 1828, by subscription, at a cost of £1200. In the area at the base are four of the famous guns which performed such signal services during the siege; six others stand at the southwest bastion; and in the yard of the court-house is the far-famed "Roaring Meg," so called from "the loudness of her voice," which is said hourly to have cheered the hearts of the besieged, and appalled those of the besiegers. The cannon, generally, contain the date 1642, and the names of the several London companies by whom they were presented to the city. Roaring Meg was the gift of the "Fishmongers."

Although Derry had sustained two previous sieges—one in 1641, and one in 1649—it is from the third and last, which occurred in 1689, that the city derives its fame. The "shutting of the gates of Derry" took place on the 7th of December, 1688. Tyrconnell had withdrawn from the garrison a regiment commanded by Lord Mountioy, a Protestant, in whom the citizens had much confidence, and proposed to replace it by one then raising by the Earl of Antrim, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whom they distrusted. The terrors of 1641 were yet green in the memories of many, and dismal rumours of a coming massacre were circulated: the Protestants of the north—surrounded by a hostile population, threatened by an undisciplined mob of armed men, recently recruited from classes whose evil passions required no stimulus, and governed by rulers who made no concealment of a resolve to destroy their rights and their religion-banded together for mutual defence; and by degrees assembled in towns where a stand was most likely to be made with effect. Derry offered peculiar advantages; and the neighbouring Protestants were already looking to it as their sanctuary, when the war was suddenly commenced. The two companies of Lord Antrim's regiment were marching towards the city—they were actually within sight of its walls when a few lads—"about eight or nine of them"—SHUT THE GATES: refused entrance to the soldiers of King James; and, by conduct so seemingly "rash and desperate," so completely without calculation, as to have appeared absolute madness at the moment, these "'prentice boys" became the arbiters of the destinies of three kingdoms, and, according to all human calculation, determined the fate of the Reformation in Europe.

To give a history of the siege would be to occupy more space than can be here devoted to the subject: suffice it that Derry was soon surrounded by the soldiers of James the First, commanded by the monarch in person. The heroic garrison resolved that any man who proposed terms of capitulation should be treated as a traitor. The citizen soldiers were badly armed and ill-provisioned; the town was overcrowded by a useless population; there was no officer of experience to direct their energies; they had no engineers, few horses, and no forage; not a gun well mounted; nothing, indeed, to support and encourage them, but, according to the simple eloquence of Governor Walker, "their great confidence and dependence upon Almighty God, that He would take care of them and preserve them!" Yet, in the midst of appalling perils, they persevered in resisting all temptations to surrender; they commenced the contest nearly in despite of hope, continued it almost in despair, and endured sufferings with a degree of patience, fortitude, and courage, scarcely paralleled in history.

The first sortie of the garrison took place on the 21st of April. An assault was made upon the combined French and Irish, at the Mill of Pennyburn, now a picturesque ruin. The men of Derry were led by Colonel Murray, who killed with his own hand the French General Mammou,* with whom he is said to have had three personal encounters. The success of this effort animated the garrison; so that no difficulty was afterwards found in procuring men for a sortie. There were volunteers enough to follow any officer of note, whenever an attack was to be made upon the enemy. Meanwhile, their resolution and bravery were known in England, and an attempt was made to relieve the garrison by sea. It was, however, fruitless for a long time. At length, a passage up the Lough was effected on the 30th of July; and the siege, which had lasted 104 days, was raised.

[•] The sword with which Colonel Murray slew the French general is still retained as a trophy by Murray's descendants. It was borne by his grandson at the Commemoration festival, which took place in Derry, on the 7th Dec. 1788.

Relief came precisely at the moment when it was most needed and could be made effectual. A delay of a day or two longer, and the people must have perished, or the gates must have been opened—opened to but few of



THE MILL AT PENNYBURN.

King James's soldiers, it is true, for the besiegers had dwindled down to the wreck of an army, but with them would have entered a multitude of campfollowers; and it is more than probable that not one of "the defenders" would have been left alive. They saw, from the tops of houses, the ships laden with provisions; they even exchanged signals with their deliverers; and yet, for no inconsiderable time, they had to bear the misery of "hope deferred;" food, almost within the grasp of hungry thousands, was yet beyond their reach. It was impossible for contemporary historians to exag-

gerate in describing the agony they suffered. "Our spirits sunk, and our hopes were expiring," writes Mackenzie. "We only reckoned," says Walker, "upon two days' life." Proportionally great was their exulting joy when the boom was broken, and the ships sailed slowly but safely to their quays. The bells of the battered cathedral rang out a merry and grateful peal, bon-fires were kindled in various parts of the city, and cannon thundered from the walls, when the craving hunger of the multitude had been satisfied. It requires no exertion of fancy to picture the miserable and famished—men, women, and children—crowding around the boats that were conveying to them food. The imagination readily beholds the scene, even to-day, from the heights that command the quays upon Lough Foyle; hears the mingled moans and shouts of the sufferers; grateful for their deliverance, giving thanks and glory to God, who had prospered "the just cause they had undertaken."

Every step we tread in Londonderry calls to mind some incident connected with the siege. Unhappily, Time has not yet sufficiently deprived its history of party taint, to render its memory "glorious and immortal" to all classes; yet it should be considered by all only as affording evidence of the courage, fortitude, and endurance of which Irishmen are capable. Derry is the twin of Limerick; the sieges of both are alike honourable to the brave spirits who maintained both—the Catholic in the one case and the Protestant in the other. We trust there are many descendants of the gallant men who were foiled before the old walls generous enough to merge personal feeling in admiration of the bold defenders of either; and we deduct nothing from the merits of the Derry "'prentice boys," when we say it was lucky for them that the army which encamped around their city was not commanded by the king (William the Third), who vainly fought for entrance into Limerick. The triumph of Londonderry is more conspicuous for its results. It paved the way to the Boyne victory; it went far to secure the British crown for the Prince of Orange; and there can be little doubt that the "shutting of the gates," as it were, sealed the charter of our liberties obtained by "the Revolution."



ONDONDERRY will naturally suggest inquiry concerning a topic of much interest—the possessions in this county of the City of London Companies, known as "the Irish Society." A brief account of the origin and state of this society may, therefore, be desirable.

Down to the middle of the sixteenth century, the city, as well as the district now forming the county of Londonderry, remained in the hands of the native

Irish, and was governed by their chiefs, the principal of whom were the O'Cathans or O'Kanes—a branch of, and tributary to, the O'Nials. One of the earliest acts of the reign of James I. was the confiscation of the estates of "certain Roman Catholics of distinction," who, about that period, and during the reign of his predecessor, had rebelled against the state; and, in 1608, the King, by the advice of the Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer, took advantage of a new outbreak, to confiscate the whole of the six northern counties—Armagh, Tyrone, Coleraine,* Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan—and to "plant" them with Protestant British and Scottish subjects; a project which he had for some time contemplated, and "had strongly at heart."

The various stipulations into which the settlers were required to enter were published by command of his Majesty, who, "conceiving the city of London to be the ablest body to undertake so important a work," desired a conference on the subject between the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Mayor, Humphrey Weld. It took place accordingly. "Motives and reasons to induce the city of London to undertake the plantation in the north of Ireland" were submitted to the City Commissioners; the Lords of the Privy

Coleraine was entirely merged into the county of Londonderry—and parts of other counties were added to it to form the present county of Londonderry,—which was so, and then, formed. The other five counties were planted by private settlers—"undertakers."

Council and the Corporation of London came to a right understanding; and the latter expressed their willingness to undertake the plantation, provided the flattering statements of his Majesty were found, upon due examination, to be sufficiently correct. Accordingly, "four wise, grave, and discreet citizens" were sent to Ireland to view the situation of the proposed colony. After their return, an agreement was entered into, settled, and duly executed by the several parties. It was at the same time determined, that, "for the purpose of conducting the said plantation, a company should be constituted and established within the city of London, which should consist of one governor, one deputy-governor, and twenty-four assistants." THE IRISH Society was thus formed. It was styled "The Society of the Governor and Assistants of London of the New Plantation in Ulster, within the Realm of Ireland;" and it was incorporated by charter, on the 29th of March, 1613. A very essential part of the business was the raising and collecting "the sum agreed to be raised by the city," for the purposes of the plantation, and in building towns and fortifications. This was, after much consideration, determined to be done "according to the assessment of the corn-rate made on the various companies of the city." Other assessments were subsequently made, which eventually exceeded the sum of £60,000.* It was soon afterwards determined to divide the estates into twelve parts; these twelve parts to be divided by lot among the several London companies: and as it appeared that "the whole monies disbursed in and about the said plantation" amounted to £40,000, that sum was also divided: each company to pay a twelfth part—i.e. £3333 6s. 8d., and that "in every of the said twelve proportions of money, one of the twelve principal companies to stand as chief; and unto that principal company, not having of itself expended so much money as amounted to a full proportion, were added and joined so many of the inferior companies as should make up a full proportion of the required sum." These sums were subscribed in very unequal parts: thus, the Mercers contributed £2680; the Haberdashers, £3124; the Fishmongers, £2260; the Drapers, £3072; the Goldsmiths, £2999; the Skinners,

^{*} The prices of provisions in Ulster were at this time, for a cow or bullock, 15s. (about one halfpenny per pound); a sheep, from 16d. to 2s.; a hog, 2s.; barley, 11d. a bushel; oats, 4d. a bushel.

£1963: while the Grocers and Merchant Tailors exceeded their full proportion, the excess being joined to some other principal company. On the other hand, the Masons contributed £100; the Armourers, £40; the Poulterers. £80; the Woolmen, £20; and so forth. In all fifty-five companies contributed—the twelve principal companies being the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. The whole of the estates so divided had been estimated to be worth no more than £1800 per annum. In letting their lands, the companies stipulated with the parties proposing to become tenants, that they should perform the original articles and conditions of plantation. The duties they had undertaken appear, however, to have been discharged very carelessly; the bargain was thought to be a very bad bargain by several companies: it was in a manner forced upon them by the crown; and they, for a considerable period, either let their lands at nominal rents, or neglected them altogether. The records of the Irish Society contain abundant evidence that they found it necessary to remind the companies that certain conditions remained unfulfilled: such notes as this are of frequent occurrence in their "Books:"—"27th July, 1616. Communications were made by the Irish Society to the Goldsmiths' Company, urging them to perform the conditions of plantation, and execute the necessary works on their proportion, which, as well as the proportions of the other companies, appeared at this period to proceed with great slowness."

And it is this property, thus acquired, which the London companies continue to enjoy, and over which "the Irish Society" continues to hold jurisdiction.

For a considerable period the Society has been accustomed to send occasionally to Ireland Deputations, to examine into and report upon the condition of their estates. These reports have been "printed by order of the court," and they supply considerable information upon all the topics upon which it was their duty to inquire.

From these reports we learn the existing "Proportions" of the several companies, and are furnished with information concerning their present

1st. THE GOLDSMITHS.—The estate of this company is situate in the neighbourhood of the city of Derry, north-east of the river Foyle: it is one of those let in perpetuity. The soil is generally poor and superficial. being the débris of mica slate, with occasional patches of alluvial soil, which are more productive. The face of the country is without any wood, excepting here and there a few trees round a farm-house, on two or three farmholdings on this proportion, not held under the company; these are the snug residences of gentlemen of small fortunes, who have improved and planted thereon, so that the otherwise naked appearance of the estate is not so remarkable. The present income from the estate is considered to be £4500 per annum; a number of leases having a few years yet to run will, upon their expiring, increase the amount to about £6000 per annum. 2nd. The GROCERS.—The estate is situated "at an average of five miles from the city:" its extent is about 15,000 acres, with a rental of about £5000 per annum. 3rd. THE FISHMONGERS.—Their estate is situated about ten miles from the city of Derry; its chief town is Ballykelly, containing about 200 inhabitants. The lands are, generally, superior to either the Goldsmiths' or the Grocers'; "the lowlands of Myroe are alluvial, and very productive; the soil near the mountains is formed of the débris of mica slate, whilst that in the neighbourhood of Claudy is formed of the disintegration of silicious sandstone and mica slate." This proportion is supposed to extend to about 18,000 statute acres, and to be let at about £7000 per annum. 4th. The HABERDASHERS.—Their estate is situated about fifteen miles from Derry: it contains about 27,000 statute acres. The lands are let at fair and moderate rents, bringing in a rental of about £10,000 per annum. The property has been let in perpetuity, and is possessed by the Marquis of Waterford, one of the most excellent of Irish landlords; consequently, "the tenantry are considered comfortable; and the sums paid by new tenants for old leases or holdings are very large, which shows that there is confidence between landlord and tenant, and that the lands are not rack-rented." SKINNERS.—This proportion is situated, in its nearest part, about four miles from Derry, and its extreme end is about twenty-two miles from Derry; it is the largest of all the company's estates; the annual rents amount to about

£11,000. The estate is capable of great improvement, and, under proper management, may ultimately become by far the most valuable of the twelve proportions. 6th, THE MERCHANT TAILORS.—This estate is situated about twenty miles from Derry, and about two at an average from Coleraine: it contains about 12,000 statute acres, and is worth about £6000 per annum. It has been let by the company in perpetuity. 7th, THE CLOTHWORKERS. -This estate is situated on the banks of the river Bann, within an average of two or three miles of the town of Coleraine. It is in extent about 10,000 statute acres, and in value about £5000 per annum. 8th, THE IRONMONGERS.—This estate is situated at an average of about seven miles from the town of Coleraine, and skirts the river Bann: no one of the proportions is more scattered in its allotments, or more diversified in its soil. The rental is about £5200 per annum. 9th, THE MERCERS.—This proportion is situated about twelve miles from the town of Coleraine, and twentyeight from Londonderry. Its extent is about 21,000 statute acres, and its value £8000 per annum. 10th, THE VINTNERS.—This proportion is situated about nineteen miles from the town of Coleraine, and twenty-five miles from the city of Londonderry; it contains about 25,000 statute acres, and its annual value is from £9000 to £10,000.* 11th, THE SALTERS.—This proportion is situated about twenty-nine miles from Derry, twenty-nine miles from Coleraine, and twenty-nine miles from Belfast, being equally distant from the three sea-port towns. Its extent is about 18,000 statute acres, and its value about £14,000 per annum. Several tenants hold favourable leases under the present lessees, so that the existing income is only £12,500 per 12th, THE DRAPERS.—This proportion is much scattered. Its average distance from Derry is twenty-nine miles, from Belfast thirty-two miles, and from Coleraine twenty-seven miles. It contains 27,000 statute acres, and is let by the company at about £10,500 per annum.

From much that we have heard, seen, and read, we have reason to believe that the Irish Society are sincerely and ardently desirous of employ-

^{*} The Vintners receive only £212 a year head-rent from the property. The lands have been aliented by the company, and let in perpetuity, or sold. The present proprietors are the heirs of the Concily family. The houses of the farmers who have obtained leases in perpetuity are generally surrounded by a few trees, giving the country a comfortable and agreeable appearance

ing their power and resources for the advantage of Ireland, and to diminish, as much as possible, the evil of absenteeism in Londonderry. We have had opportunities of conversing with some of their agents, and have found them, as far as we could judge, anxious to act up to their instructions in forwarding every object that shall seem beneficial to the county; unquestionably they have largely participated in every good work that has been undertaken; and there exist abundant proofs of a steady and continuous design "to remedy many existing evils, to encourage the investment of capital and the industry of the population; to alleviate the distresses and wants of the poor; to extend the prosperity and comfort of the entire county of Londonderry, and thereby to offer an example to the whole kingdom of Ireland."

As one of the latest proofs of such desire, it may be mentioned that the Society have obtained an act for a new bridge across the Foyle at London-derry, and have recently built a "Government House," where their agents and representatives in Ireland reside, and where members of deputations from London are "received." This is an advantage of considerable magnitude; it is an inducement to London citizens to visit Londonderry, and so become practically acquainted with Ireland; we know it has already had that effect. The capitalist will there see many temptations to embark capital in Ireland; his sympathies will be enlisted for its people, whose best interests he will study to promote, and know how best to promote, by personal acquaintance with them.

It will be seen that the Haberdashers, the Vintners, the Goldsmiths, and the Merchant Tailors have alienated their estates, by letting them in perpetuity; that the Salters and Skinners hold estates let on terminable leases, which in a few years will expire; while the Ironmongers, Clothworkers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Grocers, and Mercers have their estates in their own hands, which are now let to the occupying tenants. Now, although the Irish Society had, by virtue of the discretion vested in them by the charter, conveyed several allotments of territory in the Province of Ulster to the twelve principal companies of the city of London and their associates, still they retain the paramount duty of "management, control, and visitation, for the perpetual maintenance of those important public purposes, in con-

sideration of which," as was emphatically observed by the Lord Chancellor (in 1836), "the crown parted with large possessions for the benefit of that part of the King's dominions."

The Irish Society admit that they have, for themselves, no beneficial interest in the property, and that they are trustees for the companies of any surplus which may remain, after answering certain public purposes; but they claim to have a discretionary power to apply so much of the income as they may think fit for those public purposes, without being liable to account for the same to the companies.

It is sufficiently obvious that a continuation of this trust to the Irish Society is calculated greatly to benefit and improve the condition of the county of Londonderry, inasmuch as they are in the position of trustees only for so much surplus as may remain after they have expended all sums they may consider needful for carrying out the original purposes of the grant.

Judging from the companies' "Reports," and from our own knowledge of the condition of the different localities over which they exercise jurisdiction they appear to have inquired concerning nearly every topic worthy of attention—the state of the schools throughout the districts; the character of the various farms and holdings; the nature of the soil, and the best means of enriching it; the places most favourable for planting; the judicious management of fisheries; the practicability of draining bogs, fertilising mountains, and reclaiming "slobs;" the advantages that may be derived from forming canals; the making of high-roads and bye-roads; the reformation of habitations for the humbler classes, by erecting substantial cottages in lieu of miserable hovels; in short, the attention of the society, as the governing body, has been, within the last twelve or fifteen years, continually, and it would seem steadily, directed to a complete regeneration of the county, in order that they may bring to bear upon its natural advantages the advantages of experience, judgment, and capital.

If, then, the City of London Companies be "Irish absentees"—and their holding property "justly acquired and theirs of honest right," has been named as one of the "Irish grievances"—they are, beyond all doubt and all question, THE BEST OF IRISH LANDLORDS.

ROM Londonderry, the Tourist whose time is limited will return to Belfast; or, taking the railroad to Newtown Mount Stewart, and Omagh, proceed thence, by coach or car, to join the railroad to Dublin.* If, however, his time is "his own," and he desires to expend it in examining the scenic beauties of the country, he will unques-

tionably visit Donegal, proceeding through that wildly interesting county to Lough Erne and Enniskillen; selecting thence any one of the many routes that will conduct him southwards.+

From the immense proportion of waste land, the reader may form some idea of the barren aspect of the county of Donegal; † and, at the same time, of its surpassing grandeur. For wild and rude magnificence, it is, indeed, unequalled in Ireland; it presents a succession of mountains, down every one of which rushes some rapid river, supplying a lake in the valley.

- * From Londonderry to Dublin, the route is rather uninteresting. First, there is the railway (the Londonderry and Enniskillen) to Omagh, which passes along the shores of the River Foyle; then through Strabane, a small but busy town; then through Newtown Stewart, beautifully situated on the River Mourne; then to Omagh. Between Londonderry and Newtown Stewart, this railway passes through a pretty country. Omagh is a commercial and good town. This is the largest corn-market in that part of the country. Omagh possesses the usual public buildings of a small town-a town-hall, a court-house, and a barrack. The next part of the journey is travelled by coach, which starts from Omagh always after the arrival of some train, and performs the distance to Castleblayney in about six hours. The face of the country from Omagh to Castleblayney is not very interesting-large bogs, pretty undulating country, flat marshes, mountains in the distance, are the principal features. The towns through which the coach passes are generally small and dirty; Monaghan, however, is a good town. About Castleblayney, the appearance of the country improves; the houses look cleaner, the fields look better cultivated, and the people more comfortable. Near Castleblayney is Blayney Castle, the seat of Lord Blayney. The grounds round the mansion are not extensive, but finely wooded and picturesque The last part of the journey is performed by railway. At Castleblayney, the coach meets the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway, which goes as far as Dundalk. From Dundalk, the Dublin and Belfast Railway conveys to Dublin.
- † Or the Tourist may bear in mind that the steam voyage from Londonderry to Glasgow is no more than 180 miles.
- ‡ It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,165,107 statute acres, of which only 520,736 are cultivated land, the unimproved mountain and bog amounting to no less than 644,371 statute acres.

that again sends forth its current, tributary to the sea, which may be almost said to surround it; for the extensive loughs that bound it on the east and south are nearly as effectual barriers as the Atlantic, that washes its northern, western, and south-western coasts. Soon after passing the liberties of Londonderry-proceeding northward-we enter upon the barony of Inishowen, a huge peninsula enclosed on one side by Lough Foyle, and on the other by Lough Swilly, both salt-water lakes. On the southern extremity of this barony-distant about four miles from Derry-is the far-famed Grianan of Aileach. The mountain upon which it stands is 802 feet high, and from its summit there is an extensive and all-glorious view of the two lakes, with the surrounding scenery; scattered over which are the ruins of several ancient castles, strongholds of the earlier Irish chieftains, or the English settlers, by whom they were dispossessed.* Within ken, although distant several miles, is the Rock of Doune, a natural fortress in the centre of a district scarcely accessible, where, it is believed, the ancient chieftains of Tyrconnel were inaugurated-a race who, according to Sir Henry Dockwra, were "proud, valiant, miserable, immeasurably covetous, without any knowledge of God, without any civility to man;" and of whom James the First said, in his apology for robbing them, that "their condition was, to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man valiant that does not glory in rapine and oppression." †

The latest, and one of the greatest, of the Irish chleftains was Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, whose "rebellion" in 1608 mainly induced the "plantation" under James the First. He appears to have been a gallant young hero, who was stimulated to revolt by a personal insult, and who perished with most of his followers in a battle with the English; not, however, until he had avenged himself by the death of Sir George Pawlett, Vice-Provost of Derry, by whose order he is said to have been "personally chastised," and laid the city in ashes.

^{† &}quot; Giraldus Cambrensis—an authority upon such subjects hardly more worthy than the spoliator James, or his soldier Dockwra, describes the inauguration thus:—

[&]quot;He says 'That the people of Tyrconnell, a country in the north of Ulster, created their king after this manner:—All being assembled on a hill, a white beast was brought before them, unto which he who was chosen as king approaching, declared himself publicly before the people to be just such another (that is, a mere beast); whereupon the cow was cut in pieces, boiled in water, and a bath prepared for the new king, of the broth, into which he entered publicly, and at once bathed and fed; all the people, meanwhile, standing round, fed on the flesh and supped up the broth. At this comely feast and ceremony, it was not proper that the king should use any cup or vessel, nay, not so much as the hollow of his hand; but stooping down his mouth, he lapped like a beast on all sides of the bath of broth in which he was immersed. Having thus washed and supped

In the immediate vicinity of Derry there still exists a stone, which, according to one of the authors of the "Ordnance Survey," appears to have been an inauguration stone of the ancient Irish kings. The stone, which is of gneiss, exhibits the sculptured impression of two feet, right and left, of the length of ten inches each. That stones of the kind, as well as rude stone chairs, were formerly used, we have the testimony of Spenser in his View of the State of Ireland:-"They used to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill; in some of which I have seen formed and ingraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine's foot, whereon hee standing receives an oath to preserve all the auncient former costomes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himselfe round, thrice forward, and thrice backward." The inauguration chair of the O'Neils of Castlereagh is still preserved; it was for a long period built into the wall of the Butter-market of Belfast. The famous "coronation chair" in Westminster Abbey is believed to be of Irish origin; and is said to have been sent into Scotland for the coronation of Fergus, the first King of the Scots, who was "of the blood royal of Ireland."

The Hill of Greenan supplies a singular example of earliest architecture. According to a writer in the "Ordnance Survey," it was "a royal residence,"—"one of the most remarkable and important works of its kind ever erected by the ancient Irish." The ascent up the mountain, for about a mile, is gradual, till within a few hundred yards of the summit, when "it starts up, until he was weary, the whole corument of his imaguration was ended, and he was completely instituted in his kingship of Tyroonnell."

"The Irish historians are very angry with Girald Barry, for telling this story of their kings; and Gratianus Lucius describes the ceremony as quite otherwise. He says, that when the investiture took place at Cil mhac Creunain, he was attended by O'Ferghail, successor to Columkill, and O'Gallachuir, his marshal, and surrounded by all the estates of the country. The Abbot O'Ferghail put a pure, white, straight, unknotted rod in his hand, and said, 'Receive, Sire, the suspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknottiness of this rod, to the end that no svil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption, or tie of friendship, be able to pervert your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour, take the government of this people, to exarcise the power given you with freedom and security."

as it were, somewhat precipitously into a circular apex of many acres in extent," crowned by the singular pile—of the remote antiquity of which no doubt can possibly exist.*

The reader must be referred to the map in order to form some idea of the peculiar character of the coast scenery of the northern districts of Donegal. It is utterly impossible to describe its surpassing grandeur, and our limits permit us only to notice its more leading and striking features. The natural wonders of the barony of Inishowen would alone supply materials for a volume. The stupendous hill-rocks and headlands that stand as barriers to the sea, are frequently covered by the spray of the Atlantic, dashed to a height almost inconceivable; miles upon miles of sandy deserts stretch along under the huge cliffs, without a single particle of verdure; "hills, and dales, and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, and desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue." Such are the sands of Rosapenna. Caves of wonderful construction abound in all parts. One of the most remarkable is "M'Swine's Gun"—a prodigious cavity, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound louder than the report of any piece of artillery, which is said to be heard at times distinctly a distance of between twenty and thirty miles; occasionally the waters shoot up through a perpendicular shaft some hundreds of feet high into the air; altogether, perhaps, so extraordinary a natural marvel does not exist in the British dominions.

Along this coast, too, is Torry Island, inhabited by about five hundred persons, the greater number of whom have never visited the mainland.

Colonel Blacker was, we believe, the first to point out, if not to discover, this ancient remain; he considers it, however, to have been a temple for Sun worship, and endeavours to support his theory by argument and proof. He thus describes the singular pile.—"To the casual ebserver, the first appearance of the edifice is that of a truncated cairn of extraordinary dimensions; but, on a closer inspection, particularly since the clearing away of fallen stones, &c., which took place under my directions, it will be found a building, constructed with every attention to mesonic regularity, both in design and workmanship. A circular wall, of constead thickness, encloses an area of eighty-two feet in diameter. Judging from the number of stones which have fallen on every side, so as to form, in fact, a sloping glacis of ten or twelve feet broad all round it, this wall must have been of considerable height—probably from ten to twelve feet—but its thickness varies: that portion of it, extending from north to south, and embracing the western half of the circle, being but ten or eleven feet; whereas, in the corresponding, or eastern half, the thickness inereases to sixteen or seventeen, particularly at the entrance."

Some years ago, a few of its fishermen were driven on shore, and when returning to their island homes, they took with them leaves of trees, as the greatest curiosities they could show to "their people;" here also is another Herculaneum—a town buried beneath the sand. Ruins of ecclesiastical structures, and of structures of ages far more remote, are to be encountered in every locality; places are pointed out where the sea-kings entered, and others where the Druids held their most solemn rites; every spot has some tradition; there is scarcely a mile without a legend; and as the district is more primitive than any other portion of Ireland—the people adhering pertinaciously to their ancient language and their old customs—the county is immensely rich in stores for the antiquary, the historian, and the writer of fiction. Here, until of late years, the illicit distiller carried on his trade without the remotest dread of interruption; the whisky of Inishowen became proverbial for its excellence; and the coast from Moville round to Killybegs was famous for all that was rude, uncultivated, and lawless.

From Londonderry we verged westward to the ancient city of Raphoe, returning into the direct route to Donegal town, and so visiting the town of Stranorlar, and the border-town of Strabane.

On our way through St. Johnstown, we visited the singular lake, Fort Lough. About two miles from Raphoe—now a mere collection of cabins

* This sheet of water occupies nearly the centre of an extensive bog of black turf, and lies on the right-hand side of one of the roads leading from St. Johnstown to Burt or Lough Swilly. It is at present about one mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide. It was formerly of much more considerable extent, but a portion of the water has been drawn off, and part of the bottom of the former lake converted into arable land. There had always been a tradition, that this, in common with many other lakes in Ireland, had a castle erected in the centre, where the peasant, at day's declining,

The legend of this castle's disappearance below the surface differs somewhat from the legends we have already given, and is as follows:—There was within the walls a well of pure water, so precious that it was always carefully covered by a stopper; and a tradition existed, that if by any negligence the precious water remained uncovered, some awful calamity would ensue. The daughter of the governor, as ladies of similar rank have done from time immemorial, frequently went herself to draw the water. She had a lover, who contrived to meet her at the spot, as a convenient place of assignation. In the interesting conversation that ensued, all things were forgotten by the girl except the words of her lover, and she departed with her pitcher, never thinking of the stopper of the well. Immediately, the water below swelled up, and began to overflow the mouth in such torrents as to render all attempts to replace the cover ineffectual; and it never ceased till it inundated the whole country, and ascended so high that the castle was completely

[&]quot; Saw the round towers of other days."

around the ruins of the Episcopal Palace—there is a high hill, commanding a magnificent view of the country below, extending with various undulations of surface on all sides, and finally terminating in a circular chain of mountains 60 or 70 miles in circumference. On the summit of this hill. and in the centre of this view, stands a Druidical temple somewhat resembling that at Stonehenge in size and structure. It consists of a perfect circle of large stones set perpendicularly, varying from eight or nine feet high, and as many broad of three or four. These perpendiculars form a circle of 150 yards; and consist of 67 large rocky fragments, still standing upright, with various irregular intervals between, which were once apparently filled up with similar stones but now dilapidated. On the east side is an open space of seven yards, bounded by two large stones, still standing like door-posts, and which probably formed the entrance into the temple, and on the opposite side are two of the largest, tallest, and broadest stones filling up a space of equal breadth, against which the altar stood. The large area inside presents a very uneven surface, rising into hillocks and sinking into depressions, encumbered with large stones, now in irregular confusion, but once forming portions of the structure. The stones are generally of a lamellated structure, and taken from neighbouring slate quarries with which this part of Donegal abounds.

The place is called Baltony, a name not uncommon in some districts of Ireland. It is supposed to be a corruption of Baal tinné, the "fire of Baal," intimating a spot where that deity was particularly worshipped in Ireland, and having the same etymology in Gaelic as the Baltane tree burned at Midsummer. Among the rigid Presbyterians of the North, such remains of submerged, and disappeared with all within it, including the careless young lady. This tradition was long considered as fanciful as others, and those who affirmed they saw the building under the surface at particular times, were looked upon as visionary and credulous. About twenty years ago an attempt was made to reclaim the morass, and a deep sluice was cut, through which the water drained into Lough Swilly. As the waters of the lake subsided, marks of an island became visible in the centre; by degrees, regular masonry was observed ascending above the surface; and there is now seen-even from the road-the remains of a building at the bottom of the lake, proving that the subaquatic castle was no visionary fiction, but a real existence. Its present remains are walls of masonry, supporting a deposit of bog, on which some green vegetation has commenced, It is supposed that a castle had been at an early age erected in the morass, but, by the exit of the voters being intercepted, they had accumulated and formed a lake, which had ascended above the walls of the castle, and so submerged it, without supernatural agency.

antiquity are lightly regarded, because they are deemed remnants of superstition and idolatry, though some respect has been paid to these by the proprietors of the adjacent soil. The hill on which they stand was under a fair field of flax up to the very walls, but the area inside remained undisturbed by the plough, and the grey, rude, but vast monument of the remotest antiquity forms a strong and interesting contrast, undisturbed in the rich crop of modern agriculture that surrounds it.

Y this route, then, we shall ask the Tourist to accompany us first into Donegal.* The Northern and Western districts of Donegal, so rich in all that can delight the antiquary, the naturalist, and the lover of nature in its simplicity and grandeur, afford, as we have intimated, rich materials for a volume. The journey of the ordinary

Tourist, however, lies southward to Donegal Bay, through a remarkably wild country, and magnificent in the extreme, although infinitely less so than the rude coasts which keep out the Atlantic. But this route will amply repay the traveller; for, on his way, he

will drive through the famous Pass of Barnes-gap, through which the road runs to the town of Donegal. On the whole, perhaps, it is the most magnificent defile in Ireland; less gracefully picturesque than that of Kylemore, in Connemara; and less terrific in its shapeless forms than that of Dunloe, at Killarney; but more sublime than either. It is above four miles in length, passing between mountains of prodigious height, which soar above the comparatively narrow way, and seem actually linked with the clouds that continually rest above them. The road is level the whole distance—nature having, as it were, formed it between these huge mountains, in order

The Tourist will, however, bear in mind that we are here, and have been for some time, taking him out of his route—if that route be homewards from Londonderry. By examining the map of Ireland (we again recommend to him that of Mr. Fraser as by many degrees the best), he will be able to comprehend the extent of his departure from the regular route (by railway and by coach) which we have described at page 132.

to surmount a barrier that would be, otherwise, completely impassable. All along the course, from its commencement to its termination, rushes a remarkably rapid river, foaming over enormous masses of rock, which every now and then divert its passage, forcing it into a channel that, after taking a circuitous route, again progresses onwards by the side of the traveller. The mountains pour down innumerable contributions, which seem to the far-off spectator only thin and narrow streams; but, approached nearer, become broad and deep rivers, forming cataracts at almost every yard. Our visit to this singularly stupendous Pass was made at a lucky period; the day previous there had been a heavy fall of rain, and while we rode through it, we were surrounded by a floating mist, which cleared off occasionally, in order, as it were, that we might see the great natural marvel to advantage. The reader will imagine, then, that every tiny rivulet had been converted into a rapid river, while the river had been swelled into an absolute torrent. When the gap had been nearly passed, we found ourselves on the brow of a



DONEGAL CASTLE.

high hill, from which we looked down upon a rich and fertile valley, in the centre of which was Lough Eske—one of the smallest, but one of the most

pleasing and beautiful of the lakes of the county. Through this luxurious vale we drove into the town of Donegal, and examined the ruins of its ancient castle. The castle of Donegal is not, however, of very remote antiquity.

The town is neat and clean, and appears to carry on no inconsiderable trade with the interior. The route lies through the southern extremity of the county to Ballyshannon; but we diverged a few miles, in order to examine the picturesque and venerable ruin of Killbarron, an ancient fortalice of the O'Clerys, chiefs of the district. Those who must leave unvisited the southern



KILLBARRON CASTLE.

coast may verge somewhat from their route, to examine the far-famed Lough Derg, situated a few miles to the north of Lough Erne, and bordering

upon Tyrone county. The adjacent county is rich in traditional and legendary lore; it abounds in ruins of castles, and of structures centuries more ancient. The nearest town is Pettigoe, a short distance from which are the remains of the old fortalice of Termon Magrath. It commands a beautiful and extensive view of the Lower Lough Erne.

The evil—of which Lough Derg has been for many centuries the hot-bed—is growing less and less every year; in some parts its grosser features have indeed altogether vanished. "St. Patrick's Purgatory" has been famous from a very early period. The lake upon which it is situated is about six miles in length, and four in breadth; it is surrounded on all sides by bleak and barren hills. The "Holy Islands" it contains are little more than bare



PETTIGOE CASTLE.

rocks; the one to which the pilgrims resort—"Station Island"—is about half a mile from the shore, and rises very little above the surface of the lake. When it was visited by Mr. Inglis—in whose work the reader will find it accurately described, with very minute details concerning the "observances"—"there was not a vacancy of a square yard over the whole surface of the island:" and he surmises that "there could not have been fewer than 2000

persons upon a spot not 300 yards long, and not half that breadth." The station commences on the 1st of June, and continues till the 15th of August; and from the same authority we learn that the "whole number of pilgrims visiting the Lough would amount, during the season, to above 19,000," the great majority being women; and many of them will have travelled a distance of 200 miles to arrive at the scene of their "devotions;" this, too, at a period of the year when labour is particularly needful and profitable.

There are few intelligent persons of any creed who will not rejoice that "St. Patrick's Purgatory" has "fallen from its high estate," and that the gross superstitions associated with it are becoming every year more and more a mere record of gone-by degradations.

We leave Donegal county with regret—regret that our confined space prevents our rendering justice to its natural wonders and beauties. It is rich in both; and a time is no doubt approaching when both will receive the aid of industry, science, and art; when its bare mountains and barren wastes will yield worthy succour at the call of the planter and the husbandmen; when the produce of its marble quarries—it contains many—will be contrasted, and that without disadvantage, in the public market, with the marbles of Italy; when its rivers and coasts will contribute their full amount of wealth to the great storehouse of mankind; and when nature will be no longer permitted to conceal her vast resources from the search of the social and political economist.

The town of Ballyshannon and its magnificent Salmon Leap will be visited on the way to Lough Erne. It is neat, clean, and comfortable; and has an air of business. Its situation on the northern border of Lough Erne, and within a few miles of the sea, renders it advantageous for commerce. The Erne is here crossed, into Fermanagh, by a bridge of fourteen arches. The adjacent scenery is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; and its famous fishery supplies great attractions to the angler. About four miles from Ballyshannon is the pretty village of Bundoran, near the mouth of the harbour. It is much frequented by sea-bathers, and is exceedingly healthy, the wide ocean immediately facing it, and a line of mountains enclosing it from harsher winds.

On the other side of the town of Ballyshannon, and not far out of the way from Donegal, the Tourist will do well to visit a natural wonder, "the Pullins," situated in the demesne of Brownhall. It is formed by the course



BUNDOBAN.

of a mountain torrent, which runs for nearly a mile through a most singularly picturesque ravine, presenting to view, in succession, a series of cascades, caves, wild cliffs, huge shattered rocks, amidst a profusion of the richest and most varied ferns, and every description of mountain plants. The whole course of the river is shaded by a mass of deep wood, which greatly enhances the effect of the scenery. A solid bed of limestone seems to have been cleft, from thirty to forty feet in depth; and in this narrow fissure, turning often at a very acute angle, the river foams along, frequently entirely disappearing in caves, where its course passes under and through

the rock for a considerable space. In one of these caves, the regularlyformed arched roof, above fifty feet span, and above one hundred yards long, presents one of the wildest representations imaginable of the lawless distiller's haunt, or the outlaw's refuge. A dropping well of the purest water is found in a basin of the rock within, and a succession of winding caves. forming numerous outlets, afford opportunities of escape or concealment on all sides. Often the course of the river is obliterated by masses of rock piled over each other in the most fantastic manner, and the existence of the stream is only known by a hoarse murmur deep below the place on which the spectator stands. After a course again of half a mile through a flat meadow, the river reassumes its wild character, but with increased magnificence of scenery. The river suddenly descends about sixty feet in a deep and dark chasm, the rock actually meeting overhead, whilst a precipitous wall of rock bounds either side; it falls at once nearly twenty feet, in an unbroken stream, with a roar, which makes the solid wall around absolutely quake. It emerges under a narrow natural bridge of rock of the most perfect Gothic mould, and, turning suddenly, a vista of a quarter of a mile appears opening upon the sea in the distance, and on either side a perpendicular wall of rock, clothed with the richest ivy, extends in a perfectly straight line to the village of Ballintra, the river occupying the entire space between these curious walls. A description can but faintly convey the extraordinary character of these lovely scenes, nor can the artist represent their singular beauties.*

* Fragments of several old traditions are connected with them. A flerce monster is said ormerly to have inhabited these caves, which was at length slain by 8t. Patrick, on a neighbouring hill, called from that conflict "Bally-na-dearg." The famous "water-horse" is said to resort to these caves, in form resembling a serpent, and as thick as "a sack." He comes out only by night, and chiefly for the purpose of stealing the farmers' hay from the neighbouring meadows. On the borders of the river lies a huge mass of granite on the surface of the ground; singular, in consequence of its distance from any rock of that description. It is called "Crockmacroaskleen, and bears a noted character. On one side of it is a hole, said to be the print of a finger (a giant's it must have been), and whoever can walk blindfolded twelve paces towards it, and put a finger into this hole, will, whether man or woman, infalliby be married in the course of that year. It will be readily believed that such superstitions occur in many other parts of Ireland; but, as we have elsewhere observed, they are daily becoming less and less, and will very soon be of the past only.

ERMANAGH County is entered by the Tourist immediately after passing Ballyshannon; where a bridge passes over the Erne river, which divides the county from that of Donegal; and close to it, as we have intimated, is the far-famed Salmon Leap, confessedly the grandest in "all Ireland." The navigation of the river is here abruptly stopped by this magnificent Fall, a fall of nearly twenty feet, which extends the whole breadth of

the Erne, a length of above one hundred and fifty yards. The waters descend with astonishing rapidity; and, as the cliff is almost perpendicular, the stream passes downward nearly unbroken, in one huge volume. Here and there a few shelving rocks receive it in its descent, and convert the rushing torrent into foam. This, although the most extensive, is not the only fall between Lough Erne and the sea; there are, we believe, four others; one of them—and it is the most graceful we have ever seen—is near the pretty little village of Balleek, about four miles from Ballyshaunon. And here the beauty of the scenery may be said to commence; the road to Enniskillen, a distance of eighteen miles, runs the whole way along the southern borders of the lake. The lake is to the left;

^{*} Fermanagh was one of the six counties included in the famous scheme of James the First for the "Plantation of Ulster." According to the arrangement therein made, "the county is supposed to have consisted of 1070 tates of thirty acres each, besides forty-six islands great and small;" of these, two hundred and twelve tates were assigned to the church, and the remainder to the Scotch and English settlers. "A portion, consisting of three hundred and ninety tates, was given to Mac Guire; and the rest of the native inhabitants, as in the other four counties, were removed to waste lands in Connaught and Munster." The county abounds in lakes. Hence it was called in Irish, Feor-magh-eanagh, "the Country of the Lakes." It was made shire ground in the 11th of Elizabeth; being then in a very unsettled state, and divided between two powerful septs-the Mac Manuses and the Mac Guires. Its condition at that period is illustrated by an anecdote of a chieftain of the last named clan. When the lord-deputy sent to inform him that he was about to send a sheriff into his territory, Mac Guire answered that "her majesty's officer would be received; but at the same time he desired to know his eric—the fine to be imposed on his murderer, in order that, if he happened to be slain by any of his followers, the amount might be levied on the offender's chattels." L

and to the right, almost into the town, the drive is under the shadow of lofty hills, richly cultivated and occasionally as richly planted. Between the road and the water extends a remarkably fertile valley, thick with trees and underwood; and beyond it stretches the long and narrow Lough with its



TULLY CASTLE.

multitude of islands.* These islands are said to equal in number the days of the year; they are very numerous, and of all sizes, from the small "dot" to

* Lough Erne is said to have been "miraculously created." It was originally a spring well, and "the inhabitants being informed by their Druids or philosophers, that the well would overflow the country to the North Sea, for the prevention of it they caused the well to be inclosed in a strong wall, and covered with a door having a lock and key, signifying no danger while the door was secured; but an unfortunate woman (as by them came more mischief to mankind), opening the door for water, heard her child cry, and running to its relief, forgot to secure the well, and ere she could return, she with her house and family were drowned, and many houses more betwirt that and Ballyshaunon; and so continues a lough unto this day." A similar story is related of several other Irish lakes. In this case, "it would have more the appearance of reality, if it had been told of Lough Gawna, or the Lake of the Calf, in the country of Longford, which is the true source of the River Erne, of which Lough Erne is but an expansion. At Lough Gawna, however, they tell a different story; viz., that it was formed by a calf, which, emerging from a well in ita immediate vicinity, still called Tobar-Gawna, or the Well of the Calf, was chased by its water till he extered the sea at Ballyshannon."

the plain of many acres. All of them are green, and most of them are very productive; some are covered with "fat herbage," on which are feeding flocks of sheep; others are miniature forests; some appear so large as to look like profitable "estates;" others seem so small that a giant's hand might cover them. Along the whole of the route, the opposite shore is kept in view—for the lake has in no part a greater breadth than nine miles—and is so wide only in one vicinity—the neighbourhood of Tully Castle, on the southern bank. From this ancient castle, which stands upon a promontory that juts out into the lake, the prospect is extensive and inconceivably beautiful.

The ruins of another ancient castle—the Castle of Monea—which possesses the same general characteristics, stands a few miles to the south-east of



MONEA CASTLE.

Tully. Both afford good examples of the class of castellated residences, "erected on the great plantation of Ulster;" when "every undertaker of the greatest proportion of two thousand acres shall, within two years after the date of his letters patent, build thereupon a castle, with a strong court or bawn about it."

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By far the most interesting of the islands that "gem the bosom of Lough Erne," is the island of Devenish, about two miles across the upper lake from the town of Fermanagh. It contains between seventy and eighty acres of

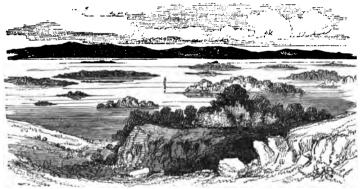


DEVENISH ISLAND.

remarkably fertile land—pasture for cattle—so fertile, indeed, that it is said never to have required manure. Here are the remains of several ancient churches and a round tower. The graveyard has long been regarded with peculiar veneration by the peasantry; and the dead are brought from far-off distances to be interred there—"to lay their bones among their own people;" the attendant mourners embarking in boats at a small promontory on the north side, called Portora—the Port of Lamentation.*

* Here is a Round Tower which is now perfect as to form, having been restored; but this restoration applies only to "the cap;" the whole of the tower remaining as it was when erected, who shall say how many centuries ago? Standing high above the surface of the lake, on the northern bank of the dievated island, it forms an attractive feature in the scenery from all parts

The town of Enniskillen, independently of its picturesque and highly advantageous situation, on an island between the two lakes—the upper and the lower—ranks among the most interesting towns in the kingdom. It is long and narrow, but neat and clean; and has a cheering aspect of prosperity. It is, however, to the grace and grandeur of Nature that we desire to direct the attention of our readers. Travel where they will, in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual tour hither, instead of "up the hackneyed and 'soddened' Rhine"—infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyments that can recompense the traveller! Nothing in Great Britain—perhaps nothing in



LOUGH ERNE.

Europe—can surpass in beauty the view along the whole of the road that leads into Enniskillen, along the banks of the Upper Lough Erne.

around it; and at once conveys the idea of very remote antiquity; this feeling increases rather than diminishes, when we proceed to examine the ruins of the several sacred edifices by which it is surrounded.

Enniskillen, like Londonderry, obtained renown during the war of the Revolution-the contest between James the Second and William the Third. In the Town-hall are still preserved the banners carried by the Enniskilleners at the Battle of the Boyne; they are, however, sadly mutilated by time and the hands of selfish persons, who have now and then clipped off pieces to keep as memorials. The Enniskilleners are justly proud of the fame they obtained by their share in the triumphs of 1689; they claim, equally with the 'Prentice-boys of Derry, the merit of having secured the crown of three kingdoms to William the Third; and beyond question the result of the contest was mainly owing to their enduring perseverance and indomitable courage. In December, 1688, Tyrconnel ordered the provost of Enniskillen to provide quarters for two companies of foot: the inhabitants resolved upon refusing them admittance: but, being very few in number, they asked aid and advice from the neighbouring gentry. and received both. The Protestants of the district thronged into the town, and a strong army was soon raised. Gustavus Hamilton being elected governor. The struggle commenced.* and continued with almost invariable success, on the side of the Enniskilleners, until the close of the war, when the final defeat of the Irish forces, near Newtown-Butler, "in all probability was the cause of their raising the siege of Derry the day after." †

^{*} The spirit in which it was conducted was soon shown. The Irish forces were commanded by the Lord Galmoy.—" an infamous wretch (says Oldmixon) whom no title could honour." His first act indicated that his opponents were to expect no quarter. He had taken prisoner Captain Dixy, eldest son of the Dean of Kilmore, whom he proposed to exchange for "one Briem Mac Conogher Mac Guire," an Irish officer, a prisoner with the Enniskilleners. The proposal was accepted; Mac Guire was dismissed, but Captain Dixy was tried "for levying men by the Prince of Orange's commission," and executed, in breach of all faith and honour. It is stated on the authority of a contemporary writer—the Rev. Andrew Hamilton—that "Mac Guire went to Galmoy and told him that his putting Captain Dixy to death, after his promise, under his hand, to return him, would be a perpetual stain to his honour, and rather than he should do so base a thing, prayed that he might be returned a prisoner to Crom, and that Dixy's life might be saved, for he did not desire to purchase his freedom by so great injustice. Notwithstanding, the young gentleman was hanged on Mr. Russel's sign-post, at Belturbet." Harris affirms that "Mac Guire was so much disgusted at this action that he returned to Crom, threw up his commission, and would serve King James no longer."

[†] One of the most remarkable incidents of the war is related by Harris and other historians. Galmoy having drawn Col. Creichton, the Governor of Crom, to "an interview on the public faith," caused him to be arrested for refusing to deliver up his castle, and would have actually put him.to

NNISKILLEN, like Derry, is an "ancient and heroic town," and while here, we may have leisure to treat converning a subject that will very naturally and frequently occur to the Tourist during his visit to "the North"—we allude to the Orange Societies.

There is in the county of Armagh a small and insignificant spot, which bears a name in history; "the Battle of the Diamond" is almost as famous in the north as "the Battle of the Boyne." We travelled some three or four miles out of our route from Armagh to Portadown to visit the place—a cluster of hovels dignified with the rank of village, and called "the Diamond;"-a term frequently used in the northern counties, to indicate an assemblage of buildings which, taken together, are diamond-shaped; thus, the market-place of Derry is in the centre of the Diamond; so also is that of Coleraine; and the few cabins to which we more immediately refer, although changed in form, by time, from that of a diamond to that of a triangle, retains the name it originally bore. It was never more than a mere collection of cottages; built in a small valley, or, rather, a ravine, upon both sides of which steep hills look down. A stream of some depth must have been at one period running in the vicinity, for, in the contest of 1795, several persons were drowned there; it has, however, disappeared. There, in 1795, originated the "Orange Societies," which, for nearly half a centurywhile they existed-occupied no small share of the world's attention; for, in their after influence upon the destinies of Ireland, they were made to play very prominent parts. The reader will be naturally curious to know something of their history. Towards the close of the last century, when the French

death, had not the Lord Mountcashel, enraged at the perfidy, rescued him by force, and conducted him safe to the gates of his fortress, "which instance of justice and honour," writes Harris, "did not lose its reward." His Lordship's life was saved in the hottest part of a subsequent battle, he was conducted to Enniskillen, and there allowed the liberty of the town "upon parole." After some time, finding but little prospect of ransom or exchange, he artfully caused a rumour to be spread that he intended to escape, "whereupon he was put under a guard, and so released from his parole." Thus circumstanced, he took advantage of the earliest opportunity of quitting the town, and succeeded in making his way to France, where he was tried by a Court of Honour for breach of his parole; but, upon explaining all the circumstances, he was honourably acquitted.

Republic was arranging a descent upon the Irish coast, anticipating a general rising of the Irish population against the British Government, and. so contemplating the junction of Ireland with France, the Roman Catholics of Ulster were associated under the title of "Defenders:" their avowed object was to terminate the connexion between England and Ireland. Upon this point it is needless to state further than that—according to the authority of Theobald Wolfe Tone, a conspicuous leader of the disaffected Irish, in French pay—the oath of the Defenders was "that they will be faithful to the United Nations of France and Ireland." Into this subject it is neither requisite nor desirable that we enter at any length; but so much is necessary to show that the parties who combined for the opposite purpose—to continue and maintain connexion with England—were acting upon the defensive when they took up arms and formed themselves into societies, which afterwards became known and recognised as "Orange Societies;" the adversaries of "the Defenders" having previously been distinguished as "Peep-o'-Day Boys." It is difficult now to say, with certainty, how these two great parties were first created. At that period the penal laws against Roman Catholics prohibited them from keeping arms, and to obtain them they adopted the practice (always too common in disturbed districts in Ireland) of taking them forcibly at night. There were then no organised police, and the law was very inefficiently administered. The Protestants therefore became greatly alarmed—not without reason, as the events of the few following years proved—and in order to discover and prevent the robbery of arms, roamed about the country in small armed bodies. From the hours at which these patrols were made, they derived the name of "Peep-o'-Day Boys." To oppose this system the Roman Catholics proceeded to organise their attacks, and assumed the name of "Defenders." This account, though probable enough, is, however, far from certain; and some suppose that the two parties originated merely in some private feud, which, after a time, was converted by political agents into a religious war.

Their quarrels were conducted with the bitterest animosity, and gave rise to much bloodshed. The Peep-o'-Day Boys had no regular system of union, while their adversaries formed a perfectly organised combination,

with signs and pass-words. The latter, therefore, in a short time, became a most powerful body—not confined to the north, but extending over a large portion of the kingdom. Outrage and bloodshed—amounting sometimes to barbarous massacres—became so common, especially in the northern counties, as to awaken the serious alarm of the Irish Parliament. A select Committee of the Lords was appointed in 1792, who made a very strong report upon the subject. To confute the opinion that the violence of the "Defenders" had the countenance of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, a pastoral admonition was immediately afterwards circulated by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic archbishop, and the then great advocate of the Roman Catholic claims.

Several skirmishes having occurred in the county of Armagh between the opposing parties, and some lives having been lost, a truce was agreed upon, and a meeting took place at the house of a man named Winter, in the village of the Diamond, by which a Roman Catholic clergyman, on the one part, and a Protestant gentleman, on the other, bound themselves, for their respective parties, that peace between both should be strictly preserved for a period named. The Protestant gentleman was fired at on his way home, after having affixed his name to the treaty, and his party was, on the next day, attacked by above seven hundred of the "Defenders;" but it is asserted that these "Defenders" were at the time ignorant of the fact that an armistice had been agreed upon. Thus exasperated, both parties prepared for a resort to arms: both assembled in large numbers—the one upon the hill that overlooked the Diamond, and the other upon the hill opposite; each having laid in a large store of provisions and ammunition, and each being amply provided with weapons. The battle took place on the 21st of September, 1795; and, happily, before much mischief was done, although several lives were sacrificed, the parties were separated by the timely arrival of the military.

Out of this affray—preceded as it undoubtedly was by many other unhappy quarrels, and a terrible state of insubordination in the county of Armagh—arose the "Orange Institutions;" for the Protestants of that county, and ultimately of all Ireland, formed themselves into LODGES, to which they gave a name which ever since has been dearly cherished by the one party, and utterly execrated by the other, until, within a comparatively recent period, the direct interference of the Crown terminated their existence.

According to some reports, the first lodge was formed on the field where the Battle of the Diamond was fought—among the men who had been actually engaged in it. According to other accounts, a considerable portion of the routed "Defenders," escaping into the county of Tyrone, renewed the system of aggression there, and it was more immediately for the purpose of resisting this body that the first lodge was formed; a village called Dian, on Lord Caledon's estate, in the county of Tyrone, claiming "the honour" of being the first place of meeting. This latter is believed to be the more correct account. The lodge consisted merely of yeomen and a few respectable farmers of the middling rank of life—little imagining that it was to be the germ of so numerous and mighty a body as the "Orange Institution" afterwards became.

The Association of United Irishmen had been formed three or four months previously—in May, 1795. It is, however, very unlikely that the framers of the first Orange societies had originally any view of counteracting the operations of this body, although, in after years, they became so efficient for that purpose. The circumstances of the formation of the early lodges, and the rank in life of their founders, render it highly improbable that they would, or indeed could, form a design so comprehensive.

The institution was encouraged by the gentry of the neighbourhood. In a short time several lodges were formed, with a regular system of rules for their guidance. They consisted chiefly of persons in the humbler ranks of life; the rules and ceremonies adopted were such as were likely to strike the minds of such men, and were full of mysteries. As none but Protestants were admitted, and most of these were Presbyterians, the institution partook considerably of the religious character of that sect. United in a cause which they believed to be a holy one, they always commenced and concluded their meetings with prayer, a custom which continued to be universally observed ever afterwards, though their other rules were of course

modified and altered when the management of the institution came into the hands of more enlightened men.*

The institution spread rapidly through the whole of the north of Ireland, and there is at least this fact in favour of its utility at that time, that the north, from being the most disturbed, became, and has ever since continued, the most peaceable and thriving portion of Ireland, and during the subsequent outbreak, in 1798, was the only part apparently uninjured by that frightful convulsion.

In little more than two years the institution extended itself to the capital. The first lodge formed in Dublin was founded early in the year 1798. In after times it became, as is well known, one of the most influential

* The ceremonies observed at the institution of an Orangemen were briefly these :—The candidate, carrying in his hand a Bible and the book of the rules of the society, was introduced at a meeting of the lodge, of which he proposed to become a member, by two sponsors-one of whom was his proposer, and the other the member who had seconded him. He was placed at the end of the room while the other members stood in their places. The chaplain of the lodge, or in his absence a brother nominated by the master, repeated some Scripture verses expressive of the power and paternal care of Providence, and the necessity of trust in Him in time of danger. The master then asked, "Friend, what dost thou desire in this meeting of true Orangemen?" The candidate answered, "Of my own free will and accord I desire admission into your loyal institution." The master then asked, "Who will youch for this friend that he is a true Protestant and loyal subject?" to which the sponsors replied, giving their names. The master then questioned the candidate thus-Master: "What do you carry in your hand?" Candidate: "The word of God." Master: "Under the assurance of these worthy brothers we trust that you carry it also in your heart. What is that other book?" Candidate: "The book of your rules and regulations." Master: "Under the like assurance we trust that you will study them well, and obey them in all lawful matters. Therefore we gladly receive you into the order. Orangemen, bring to me your friend," The candidate was then invested with the decoration of the order-an orange sash. The chaplain then again repeated a selection of Scripture verses, and the master said, "We receive thee, dear brother, into the religious and loyal institution of Orangemen; trusting that thou wilt abide a devoted servant of God, and a true believer in his son Jesus Christ—a faithful subject of the King and supporter of our constitution. Keep thou firm in the Protestant Church, holding steadily her pious doctrines and observing her ordinances. Make thyself a friend of all pious and peaceable men, avoiding strife and seeking benevolence; slow to take offence and offering none. In the name of our brotherhood I bid thee welcome, and pray that thou mayst long continue among them a worthy Orangeman, namely—fearing God, honouring the King, and maintaining the law." The master then communicated the signs and pass-words of the order, and the chaplain in conclusion repeated the verse, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will towards men."

This ceremonial slightly differed in different lodges, but the principal features of it were exactly the same in all. It was in some few the custom to impose an oath or a promise of secrecy. This unnecessary and mischievous portion of the ceremony was, however, much discouraged, and declared to be contrary to the rules of the institution by an address of the Grand Lodge, published

and numerous associations that ever existed, extending throughout England and Scotland, and even into the colonies. The first lodge in England was formed in 1808, in Manchester. In 1821, the Grand Lodge of England removed to London, and held its meetings in the house of Lord Kenyon, in Portman-square; and in 1836 the number of Orangemen in England was stated to have been between 120,000 and 140,000. Although the English Orangemen were governed by similar rules, and had the same Grand Master (the Duke of Cumberland), and the same system of signs and pass-words, there seems to have been very little unity of action between them and the Orangemen of Ireland, except, perhaps, immediately after their first institution.

The system of secret signs and pass-words, in order to recognise each other whenever they might meet, and the strict privacy of their meetings, were natural schemes, considering the circumstances of their first institution. It has, however, been much regretted by more enlightened Orangemen that so much mysticism was ever adopted. It gave rise and probability to all the stories circulated by their opponents, and rendered them, as individuals, far less able to confute them. Without examining the merits or demerits of the institution, or pronouncing to which most weight is due—the boasts of Orangemen as to their loyalty, liberality, and high character, or the charges of their enemies as to their bigotry, cruelty, and intolerance—it must be admitted that nothing could be more charitable, or breathe a purer or more peaceful spirit, than their recognised book of rules and regulations.*

in 1828. A brother once admitted into one lodge was free of all lodges in every part of the world, and obtained admission to their meetings by giving the sign and pass-word. The supreme management of the affairs of the society was vested in the Grand Lodge, who met in Dublin, and consisted of the most influential members of the body, and officers deputed from the various provincial lodges. The principal body of rules and regulations was passed and adopted in 1800, and continued in use with a few alterations until the dissolution of the society.

* From this book of "Rules and Regulations" we copy two passages; the first introductory, the second which relates to the qualifications of members. "This institution is formed by persons desiring, to the utmost of their power, to support and defend his Majesty King George the Fourth, the constitution and laws of this country, and the succession to the throne in his Majesty's illustrious house, being Protestants, for the defence of their persons and property, and for the maintenance of the peace of the country; and for these purposes they hold themselves obliged, when lawfull called upon, to be at all times ready to assist the civil and military powers in the just and lawfull discharge of their duty. They associate also in honour of King William III., Prince of

It is also but fair to add that the society stood the test of two most scrutinising Parliamentary committees—one of the Lords, in the year 1825, and the other of the Commons, 1836—without the slightest imputation being cast upon it which has any weight with rational men.

The Orange Society was dissolved in the year 1836. After the proceedings before a committee of the House of Commons, in consequence of the declared wish of the Crown, and before any act of Parliamant was passed which could interfere with their proceedings, a meeting of the Grand Lodge was summoned, on the 13th April in that year. After much debate, the question of dissolution was carried by a majority of 92 to 62. It was questioned by some of the lodges whether the deputed authority of the Grand Lodge authorised this resolution. It was, however, in the end, generally acquiesced in by them all, or, at least, with very few exceptions; and a society of almost unprecedented magnitude, comprising a very large proportion of the most wealthy and influential noblemen and gentlemen in the kingdom, and numbering, we understand, above 250,000 members, voluntarily separated.

We have thus endeavoured to condense as much as possible the information we have gathered concerning the origin and history of the "Orange

Orange, whose name they will *perpetually* bear, as supporters of his glorious memory, and the true celligion by law established in this United Kingdom."

"This is, exclusively, a Protestant Association; yet, detesting an intolerant spirit, it admits no persons into its brotherhood who are not well known to be incapable of persecuting, injuring, or upbraiding any one on account of his religious opinions: its principle is to aid and assist loyal subjects of every religious persuasion, by protecting them from violence and oppression."

QUALIFICATIONS.—"An Orangeman should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, convinced that he is the only Mediator between a sinful creature and an offended Creator. His disposition should be humane and compassionate, and his behaviour kind and conciliatory—an enemy to savage brutality and unchristian cruelty. He should love rational and improving society, faithfully regard the Protestant religion, and sincerely desire to propagate its precepts. He should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and taking the name of God in vain; and he should use all opportunities of discouraging these shameful practices. Wisdom and prudence should guide his actions; temperance and sobriety, honesty and integrity, direct his conduct; and the honour and glory of his king and country be the motives of his exertions."

The rules further provided that "the proposer of a candidate shall satisfy the lodge that he has put a copy of these laws and ordinances into the hands of the candidate, before such proposition."

Institution;" it is not our object to follow it out more particularly; in fact, it had such extensive and important influence upon all the political events which succeeded its establishment, that an account of its progress and proceedings would be a history of Ireland from the year 1793 to the year 1836.

It is scarcely necessary for us to observe that this "Orange Institution" has been pictured to us by all parties. It has been essentially our duty—and a duty we have at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places, laboured conscientiously to discharge—to obtain information from the adversaries as well as the supporters of any system, subject, or measure; and to endeavour to form our own conclusions as to the nature of the evidence received,—which, in Ireland, is singularly conflicting and contradictory upon nearly every topic concerning which inquiry can be made.

We need not say that in Ireland the name of an "Orangeman" is almost. inconceivably odious to a very vast proportion of the people. No doubt much of this is attributable to the fact that they maintained Protestant ascendancy when England, of herself, could not have maintained it, and so balked and disappointed the enemies of England and Protestantism: but that much of it. must be traced to the cruelties, oppressions, and utter recklessness of just dealing, exercised by some Orangemen towards their Roman Catholic brethren, is, at least, equally certain. We have shown that in principle the Orange Institution cannot be described as even uncharitable: but in practice it was often otherwise. Although among its leading members were some of the most enlightened, most upright, and most humane gentlemen in Great Britain, it contained some who were alike ignorant of their duty towards their God and their neighbour, and who had reasoned themselves into a notion that in persecuting a Roman Catholic they were doing service to both. Their conduct, undoubtedly, gave a show of justice to charges advanced against the body.

In former times, when the laws were comparatively inefficient, and the Protestants were a few, isolated in the midst of adversaries, such an association may have been necessary, and therefore justifiable; but when circumstances had changed, and such necessity no longer existed, it was wisdom,

policy, and justice to terminate a system which sustained discord, and effectually prevented that which can alone render Ireland really prosperous—a termination of hostilities between its people on the ground of differences in religion.

We hold it as incontrovertible that the use of any particular emblem, sign, or token, calculated to promote a breach of the peace and to stir up evil passions, is an act of which the law should take cognisance; and that, therefore, rightly, the law was, at length, called into operation to prevent the continuance of that which had become an evil. But it is only justice to state—and it is difficult to conceive how any unprejudiced reader of history can arrive at an opposite conclusion—that if the retention of Ireland was an advantage to England, England is certainly indebted to the "Orange Societies" for having retained Ireland as part and parcel of the dominions of Great Britain; for assuredly, if there had been no Union of Irish Protestants, acting together and in concert, between the years 1793 and 1800, Ireland would have become—for a time, at least—a province of France.

Here, then, we bring to a close our volume descriptive of the North of Ireland and the Giant's Causeway.

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We end our book, as we commenced it, not only with the assurance that in his Tour he will encounter much to interest, to instruct, and to delight—that he will enjoy scenery beautiful and magnificent, and a people rich in original character—but that his journeys may be made at all times with ease and comfort; and especially that a sense of security will accompany him wherever he may travel, either on highways or by-ways, along the public roads, or in out-of-the-way places—where, perhaps, his chiefest pleasures will be sought and found.

He will, we repeat, return from his Tour, brief or prolonged, with a feeling towards the people akin to affection. Having witnessed the many and rare natural advantages of the country, he will have augmented faith in its capabilities for good; and especially he will desire that the bond of union between the two islands shall be drawn closer and closer, for the welfare of both—their interests being mutual and inseparable.



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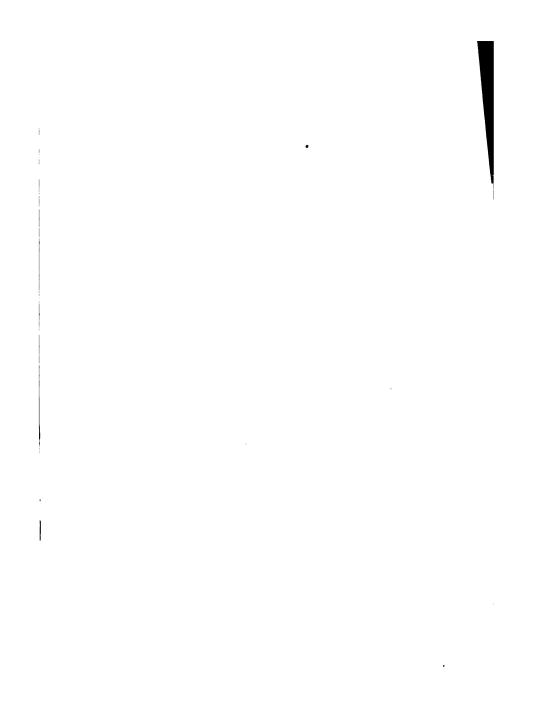
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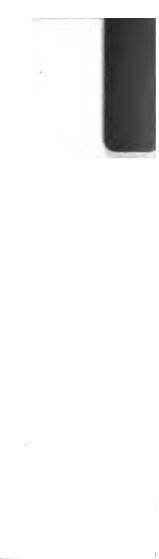
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